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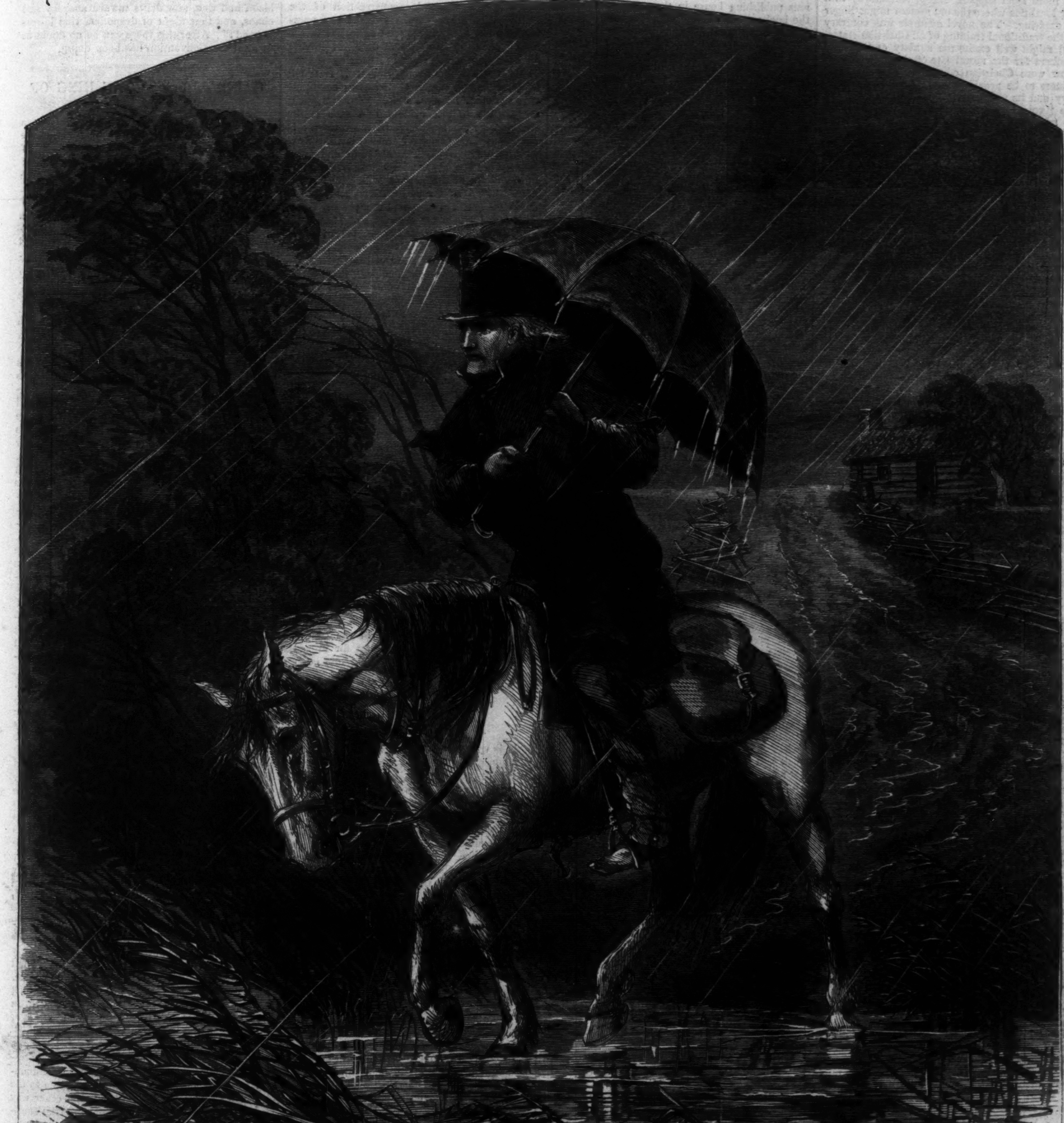


THE CIRCUIT PREACHER.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See next Page.]

THE CIRCUIT PREACHER.

We give this week a picture of "The Circuit Preacher," the spirited design of which can hardly fail to arrest attention.

The title is synonymous with "Methodist Chivalry." Individually the character is most interesting, but historically it is of much more importance, for the historians of Methodism vindicate its mission in America chiefly by the fact of its "Itinerancy," its "Circuit System." The denomination, they tell us, began in this country when the Revolution was beginning; it fought its first battles contemporaneously with the Revolutionary battles, and it was constitutionally organized just before the organization of the Republic by the Federal Constitution. The Revolution opened the whole continent for the ingress of population. No Protestant prelate had hitherto lived upon the continent; it now presented not merely a church without a bishop, and a state without a king, but a state territorially larger than any other in the civilized world without an ecclesiastical establishment. The State separated from the Church, enfranchising it by divorcing it. Religion was to expect no more legal support, except temporarily in a few localities where the old system might linger in expiring. The novel example was contrary to the traditional training of all Christian states, and might well excite the anxiety of Christian thinkers for the moral fate of the New World. How were Christian education, churches, and pastors to be provided for this boundless territory and its multiplying millions of souls? If the "voluntary principle" were as legitimate as its advocates believed, yet could it possibly be adequate to the moral wants of the ever-coming armies of population which, under the attractions of the new country, were about to pour into and overspread its immense regions; armies far surpassing the northern hordes, whose surging migrations swept away the Roman Empire, and with which was to be transferred to the New World much of the worst barbarism of the Old?

Evidently the usual provision of stated pastors, with long preparatory training, could not meet the religious necessities of the country. Methodism entered the great arena at the emergent moment. It was to be literally the founder of the Church in several of the most important new States, individually as large as some leading kingdoms of the Old World. It was to become at last the dominant popular faith of the country, with its standard planted in every city, town, and almost every village of the land. Moving in the van of emigration, it was to supply, with the ministrations of religion, the frontiers from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, from Puget's Sound to the Gulf of California. It was to do this indispensable work by means peculiar to itself; by districting the land into circuits which, from one hundred to five hundred miles in extent, could each be statedly supplied with religious instruction by but one or two traveling evangelists, who, preaching daily, could thus have charge of parishes comprising hundreds of miles and tens of thousands of souls. It was to raise up, without delay for preparatory training, and thrust out upon these circuits thousands of such itinerants, tens of thousands of local or lay preachers and exhorters, as auxiliary and unpaid laborers, with many thousands of class-leaders who could maintain pastoral supervision over the infant societies in the absence of the itinerant preachers, the latter not having time to delay in any locality for much else than the public services of the pulpit. Over all these circuits it was to maintain the watchful jurisdiction of traveling presiding elders, and over the whole system the superintendence of traveling bishops, to whom the entire nation was to be a common diocese. It was to govern the whole field by quarterly Conferences for each circuit, Annual Conferences for groups of circuits, Quadrennial Conferences for all the Annual Conferences. It was to preach night and day, in churches where it could command them, in private houses, school-houses, court-houses, barns, in the fields, on the highways. It was to succeed, until one of the best authorities in the statistics of the country, himself of another denomination (Dr. Baird), was at last to "recognize in the Methodist economy, as well as in the zeal, the devoted piety, and the efficiency of its ministry, one of the most powerful elements in the religious prosperity of the United States, as well as one of the firmest pillars of their civil and political institutions." The historian of the Republic (Bancroft) records that it has welcomed the Methodist itinerants "as the pioneers of religion;" that "the breath of liberty has wafted their messages to the masses of the people; encouraged them to collect the white and negro, slave and master, in the greenwood, for counsel on divine love and the full assurance of grace; and carried their consolation, and songs and prayers to the furthest cabins in the wilderness."

We have said that individually the circuit preacher is a most interesting character. He is the impersonation of religious romance and ministerial chivalry in Methodist history—the most spirit-stirring of ecclesiastical annals. Most of the early Methodist bishops and itinerants remained unmarried through life, that they might give themselves with entire devotion to their travels and labors. They had no homes but the homes of their people, among whom they were ever welcome, not only as pastors but as the most companionable of men, abounding in anecdotes of their own strange adventures, in news of the brethren and churches of their far-reaching circuits, and particularly in harmless humor; for their acquaintance with the world, their contact with all classes of men, gave them a facility, a bonhomie, an aptness for repartee, which became quite generally characteristic of them as a class notwithstanding their religious earnestness. They have been pronounced the best humorists of our Revolutionary period. They were mighty workers; they usually preached two, often three sermons daily—at one place or "appointment" in the morning, at another in the afternoon, at another in the evening. They kept the whole Western frontier resounding with their evangelic trumpets when few other clergymen could be found there. They kept pace with emigration—kept in its very front. Many of them were the prized companions of Boone, from Kentucky to Missouri. Their salary was but seventy dollars a-year, and they seldom received half of it. The people fed them, often clothed them, cheerfully; and all they seemed to need besides was for occasional traveling expense, books, etc. Our artist has not forgotten the "saddle-bags." That article was the very symbol—the invariable accompaniment—of the "Old Itinerancy." In it the circuit preacher carried his slight wardrobe, his Bible and Hymn-book, and what room remained was usually crammed with Methodist books for sale; for Methodist preachers were all practical "colporteurs"—the best "diffusers" of religious knowledge this country ever knew. Their Discipline expressly enjoined upon them this duty; they were all agents for their "Book Concern," and have made it the greatest religious publishing house in the world. "Scatter the books every where," said Wesley to them; "leave not a stone unturned in this work."

In the West, every where indeed, they became real heroes. Nothing could turn them aside. The hardest field was the field of greatest honor; persecution and mobs only inspirited them. They confronted fearlessly the perils of Indian hostility from the Lakes to the Gulf; their people often convoyed them with arms from "appointment" to "appointment," singing hymns on the way, but "keeping their powder dry," and a wary lookout. Their great bishop, Asbury, the greatest of itinerants, was usually accompanied, on the other side of the mountains, like a captain at the head of a troop. To the early Methodists of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio he was the greatest hero of the nation next to Washington.

Richard Nolley was one of the most famous circuit heroes of the South, and is now venerated as a martyr. He labored sturdily against fierce persecution. Fire-crackers were often thrown upon him in the pulpit, and while he was upon his knees praying; but he would shut his eyes, that he might not be distracted by menaces, and preach and pray on with overwhelming power, a habit which, it is said, lasted through his life. His voice was as a trumpet, and no man of the Southwest proclaimed the Gospel with greater energy. He penetrated to the newest settlements on the Tombigbee, Alabama, where he was beset with Indian perils. For three years he ranged there over a vast extent of country, preaching daily, stopping for no obstructions of flood or weather. When his horse could not go on he shouldered his saddle-bags and pressed forward on foot. When the settlers flew from the Indians into isolated forts and stockades Nolley kept abroad, hastening from post to post, preaching continually, comforting the refugees. He "kept the Gospel sounding through all the country." It was in this wild region that happened the fact often cited as an illustration of the energy of the primitive circuit preacher. Nolley came to a fresh wagon track in the woods and soon found an emigrant family, which had just pitched on the ground of its new home. The man was unlimbering his team and the wife was busy about the fire. "What," exclaimed the settler, on hearing the salutation of the preacher, and glancing at his unmistakable appearance, "have you found me already? Another Methodist preacher! I left Virginia to get out of their reach; I went to Georgia and thought to have got a long whet, but they got my wife and daughter into the church; then in this purchase (Choctaw Corner) I found a piece of land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers, and here is one before my wagon is unloaded!" Nolley gave him small comfort. "My friend," he said, "if you go to heaven you will find Methodist preachers there; if you go to hell you will find some there, I fear; and you see how it is in this world, so you had better make terms with us and be at peace."

Nolley made his way at last quite into the interior of Louisiana, and there, after wading one day a flooded stream, he fell exhausted to the earth in the heart of a forest. He crept to the shelter of some favorable trees, got upon his knees, prayed, and, lying down to die, composed his limbs, closed his eyes, and was found the next day by a traveler, who bore him away and had him buried. His knees were muddy, and their prints upon the ground showed that he had been praying in this last scene of his heroic life.

The circuit preacher has disappeared, almost, from our Atlantic regions, but he is still abroad in the Valley of the Mississippi and on the Pacific Coast, doing brave battle for his Church.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 12, 1867.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

The New York Republican Union Convention was a very unanimous and enthusiastic body. The signs of "the great reaction" were not evident. Many of the best men of the State were delegates. The President was Senator Roscoe Conkling. The Chairman of the Committee upon Resolutions was State Senator Andrew D. White. The spirit of the assembly was harmonious and inspiring, and the nominations were amply satisfactory to the Convention as they will be to the people of the State. We had hoped, indeed, that certain gentlemen now in office would be retained, both because of their spotless character, ability, and fidelity, and because we thought good policy demanded their renomination; but not because we supposed there were not plenty of other men in the party good and true. Among those the Convention decided to make its choice, and has presented an entirely new ticket. The names of Mr. Hulburd of St. Lawrence for Controller, and of Mr. Van Cott of Kings for Attorney-General, are an earnest of the quality of the candidates and of the resolution of the Republicans of New York that they will fight their battle under truly representative leaders.

The speech of Mr. Conkling was a fervid and eloquent assertion of the principles and purpose of the great dominant party of the country. "It is a party of ideas, not of privilege for a few, but of human rights for all." But a party must vindicate its claim to support by able and successful administration. This the Republican party did first against all odds, against the sneering incredulity of Europe, the treachery of Copperheads, and the often hesitancy of many friends, by the unconditional triumph of the war. And this it was next doing in the peaceful reconstruction of the Union, when the work was arrested and paralyzed by one man, and he the executive of the laws. Now the Constitution does not provide for a constant watching and restraining by Congress of the Executive. But if it is found necessary to do it, the Constitution does provide a remedy for such a situation in impeachment. When it is evident that such is the situation let the Executive be impeached. It may be avoided perhaps by an authoritative expression of the people in the elections, and therefore it is of the utmost importance that there be no doubt of the popular will. The President will go as far as he dares, and he will dare the last and worst if the people falter. This was the general argument of Mr. Conkling's speech, which was admirable for its clear method, firm thought, and impassioned rhetoric. It gave the key to the tone of the Convention, which was fearless, confident, and lofty.

The resolutions presented by Senator White were not less worthy the party and the time. It will not, we are sure, be to him the least agreeable recollection of his political career, that it was his happy fortune to proclaim officially, in the name of the Republican party of New York, that suffrage is "a right which ought not to be limited by property or color." Not less emphatic is the resolution pledging the party to the most thorough investigation and exposure of official corruption every where; that which utterly repudiates repudiation and insists upon economy every where; that which unreservedly supports Congress in whatever measures are necessary to place liberty and peace on lasting foundations; which remembers the soldiers and sailors, warmly commends Mr. Stanton and denounces the removal of Sheridan and Sickles, and which demands equal protection for naturalized American citizens in foreign lands. The Convention expressed its full confidence in Governor Fenton and in Senators Morgan and Conkling, and thanked Generals Barlow, Hillhouse, Howland, Martindale, and Inspector David P. Forrest for their able and faithful discharge of their duties. It also heartily approved the action of the Constitutional Convention for providing for impartial suffrage and building barriers against corruption, and at midnight with loud cheers adjourned.

A COPPERHEAD HISS.

It is very amusing to observe the fury of the Albany *Argus*, the chief Copperhead organ in the State of New York, over the recess of the Constitutional Convention. It has been the fond hope of the amiable *Argus*, from the moment that submission of the new Constitution at the election of this autumn became evidently impossible, that it would go over until the next autumn. The *Argus* counted upon great advantages to the cause dear to the rebel heart from mingling at the same election the issues of the State Constitution with the simple national issue. But it now foresees a thoughtful completion of the Constitution and its submission to the people when they can decide upon its various provisions without the perplexing excitement of a Presidential canvass; and in its rage it throws off the mask and frantically denounces a Constitution which is not half completed, and which is still to be wholly revised.

When the *Argus* contemplates a separate submission of the instrument to the calm and unbiased popular judgment it froths in the most comical manner. "Shameful and impotent conclusion! These men think that they can escape the people thus! They rely upon this juggle to cheat the people out of power, and to impose upon future generations a costly, arbitrary, centralized government against their will, without their consent, by the sleight of hand of a mountebank trick." Now, as the Convention has no power whatever but to offer a Constitution to the vote of the people, as its whole work is lost unless the people approve and adopt it, to say that the Convention imposes a government upon the people against their will is simply silly. To call the submission of a fundamental law to the people at their town meetings, for instance, a sleight of hand, and a mountebank trick, and a juggle to cheat the people, is laughable. The furious paper has just said that the Convention can not escape the people. That means, if it has any meaning, that the people will reject its work. Very well, if the people reject it the new Constitution is not adopted, and that is the end of it. What becomes then of this horrible arbitrary centralization imposed upon the people? Who imposes it? The Convention? The Convention has no more power to do it than General Tom Thumb; and the *Argus* has already said that the people will not do it.

That the intelligent voters of New York may have a luminous idea of the conduct of the majority of their delegates in the Constitutional Convention in proposing and considering certain amendments to the fundamental law, and in adjourning to November to complete what could not be done in time to submit at the autumn election, we quote from the mild *Argus*: "Their course is the last phase of that 'Higher Law' drama which, opening in fanaticism and hate, and dragging on through tragedies of blood and woe, now drifts toward anarchy and chaos, and that night of despotism that lowers beyond!" After this there can be no doubt as to what the Convention has been doing.

GARIBALDI AND THE KING OF ITALY.

Garibaldi's recent appearance at Geneva and loudly announced descent upon Rome are perfectly harmonious with the enthusiasm of his nature, but they are not very illustrative of his good sense. The proceedings at Geneva were those of utter visionaries and theorists. What man of ordinary sagacity would think of intrusting the public welfare even of Geneva itself to such an assembly? The vaguest rhetoric was put forth as political philosophy, and the merest declamation as a system of principles. Difference of opinion was not tolerated, and freedom of speech was practically forbidden. The chief topic of the Peace Congress was the forcible overthrow of the Papacy. "The federation of the world" was to begin after a few more wars were fought, in which the members were personally interested.

Garibaldi offered a statement of views which remind the reader of the exalted days of the French Republic of '87. They were simple and frank like all that he says or does, and greatly shocked many people who do not like the association of the word religion with the names of Galileo and Newton, apparently from a secret conviction that science is atheistic. Having manifested himself, Garibaldi left Geneva to attack Rome. The assault was as well advertised as a new opera or a Fenian surprise; and it was not astonishing that Garibaldi was arrested. It was hard that the arrest should come from King Victor Emanuel. It was only the other day that the two were hand in hand advancing upon Venice. It is not a year since Venice received them with raptures of welcome. But the King is bound by treaties. He could not pretend ignorance of what the whole world knew. Garibaldi, indeed, made no secret of his purpose; and it compelled the King either to break his word pledged in treaties, or to arrest the best beloved of Italy. He chose the latter.

Victor Emanuel is said to be reactionary. He has been, it is asserted, dallying with Rome, and his Ratazzi ministry is known to be friendly to Louis Napoleon. He has made pledges of some kind in regard to Rome, but they were the condition of the departure of the French troops. Doubtless Garibaldi was entreated and warned. He was told that he was merely inviting the foreign troops again into Italy. We do not wonder that he persisted, for he does not take counsel of prudence, but who can be surprised at his sudden arrest? The truth is that, in the matter of Rome, Italy is not a free agent. Victor Emanuel, we have no doubt, hopes and expects to be crowned King of Italy at Rome. But it must be through the action of other powers, the declaration *Italia farà da se*—Italy will take care of herself—is not practicable. The great Catholic states which depend upon the church within their dominion as a police, can not suffer the Pope to be violently dethroned. It would be a demoralizing and dangerous shock to their priesthood and people. Therefore, when Garibaldi marches against Rome he attacks Catholic Europe. Victor Emanuel would have annexed Rome long ago, except for that.

We do not agree that Victor Emanuel ought to have supported Garibaldi's enterprise. The great point in Italian statesmanship at present is to accustom the people to the absence of foreign soldiers. In no other way can a people so situated acquire the true sentiment of independence. The longer those soldiers are absent the more difficult it will be for them to return; and the more probable and practicable becomes the peaceful temporal abdication of the Pope. If, indeed, the people of the States of the Church should rise in revolution against the tyranny that degrades them, they would have the hearty good wishes of all lovers of liberty. In that case, if Victor Emanuel announced that he was pledged to hold the Pope upon his throne at all hazards, he would be forced to abdicate. But that case is very different both in fact and in principle from the present.

REPUDIATION.

WHEN the black flag of repudiation is deliberately hoisted by politicians of note, like **BUTLER** and **PENDLETON**, who boldly and without shame advocate raids upon the national credit, it becomes necessary that the public dissent should be manifested in a way that can not be misunderstood; not so much because there is absolute danger that bad counsels may prevail—the integrity of the nation is too sound for that—but because there is a disposition in some quarters to entertain the idea of their possible success. The fault of those who handle the matter gingerly, is in giving it any consideration whatever beyond an instantaneous and scornful rejection. The first whispered intimation of so vile a scheme should provoke an outburst of honest indignation, just as the virgin cheek mantles with its first blush of shame.

The national good faith is the chief cornerstone of the national life, and he who aims a blow thereat is the enemy of our common unity and existence. It is these extreme measures, so constantly sprung upon the people, that we have most to deprecate and most to fear; but so long as the public sense of honor remains unshaken we have a safeguard which will always afford us secure shelter. Our present debt was contracted under circumstances of no ordinary character, and the national obligations became of the most sacred nature; for the war could never have been fought to a successful issue without a pledge of the national credit. The blood of every soldier who fell in battle cries out from the ground against Repudiation, no matter in what shape it comes; whether a wholesale wiping off of the slate, or the payment of gold obligations with paper. Our foreign creditors—the holders of our bonds—have had such confidence in our plighted faith, that they have deemed Five-Twenties the most desirable of securities, and their market-price has ruled higher at Frankfort and London than in New York. These creditors never dreamed of United States repudiation, although they had heard of Mississippi and other individual State delinquencies. They are now sharply scrutinizing the American physiognomy to discover with what temper these schemes of the political agitators are received. Should the national credit receive serious damage at home and abroad, the first result would be a return of our stock from Europe to an amount which, with our importations, would drain us of every available dollar of coin. It might be different if our debt were any thing less than a thousand millions. We could then, perhaps, afford to strain our credit a little; but such experiments just now are dangerous, and might prove ruinous.

We do not exactly see by what peculiar signs of the political heavens the mischief-makers are encouraged to present their vile schemes just now. It is true that very general symptoms of restiveness under existing oppressive burdens have been manifested. The public does not conceal its desire of relief from high tariffs and heavy taxation; but it never thought of looking for it through the door of Repudiation. When relief is afforded (which it soon will be), it will result from judicious statesmanship and sound views of national policy. It is by no means improbable that public opinion will reconcile itself to the plan of leaving the larger part of the principal of the debt for succeeding generations to liquidate. These thoughts, however, are irrelevant to the gist of this article. The people will await in patience the developments of the future. They have every reason for confidence in their ability to meet their current obligations, even when swelled inordinately by official mismanagement and political intrigue. The customs revenues (gold) are more than adequate for the payment of the interest on our funded debt, and are specifically pledged to that object. Current expenses must be met in great part by taxation. An income such as the country has enjoyed the past two years, and applied as it has been, has proved sufficient, not only to meet all requisitions, but to cancel a very considerable portion of the principal of the public debt, as the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury show. Such satisfactory results do not point toward the disgraceful make-shift of repudiation. Certainly we do not need to pay interest on our Five-Twenty bonds in greenbacks because of a lack of coin. Where, then, is the urgency for so doing, as set forth by the political extremists? There are really no pretexts for any such measures, unless it be the cry which the pickpocket raises in a crowd when he proposes to pursue his dextrous manipulations. No doubt the plan will receive some advocates, such as Copperheads who never invested a dollar in "Governments;" cormorants of any party who thrive most upon the public disorders; sharpers and speculators of all kinds; and the small gamblers of Wall Street. But so long as our countrymen are proud of claiming American citizenship, they will spurn all suggestions that squint toward Repudiation.

FALSE DOCTRINE.

THE most dangerous political doctrine ever preached in this country was that of Mr. DOUGLAS, that a majority has the right to do what it pleases. Upon this preposterous ground he justified the absolute enslavement of a minority, which was not even consulted. Should such a theory be accepted as the principle of our government, it is impossible to conceive a more hideous state of society than ours would be.

It is therefore with the utmost surprise that we find this immoral doctrine urgently asserted and repeated, but we are sure with no evil intention, by the *Evening Post*. It reasons that because the people have a right to govern they have therefore "a right to misgovern if they choose." But suppose we state the doctrine in another way. A man has a right to act; he has therefore the right to do wrong if he chooses. Is that true? Does the *Post* really think that because the Government has a right to tax, for instance, it has the right to tax unjustly? Because the Government has the right to imprison a citizen, has it the right to imprison him without reason? Because the Government may have the right to take life, may it rightfully hang an innocent man? It certainly may, if the doctrine of the *Post* be true, that the people "have a right to misgovern if they choose."

The *Post* is wholly mistaken. No man and no nation has a right to do wrong, and that settles the matter. A majority of voters may pass a law that all red-haired men shall lose their right hands, and the majority would probably have physical force enough to execute the law. That would be misgovernment. And to the indignant protest of the conscience of mankind would the *Evening Post* reply: "The people have a right to govern; they have a right to misgovern if they choose; and no part of them has the right to step in with pretensions to finer morality or greater wisdom, and claim the right to govern the mass." (?)

Of course we do not suppose that the *Post* means what its words imply. We presume it really intends to say that in a system of government by the majority there will often be misgovernment. But does it not see that nothing is more essential, for that very reason, than to show that misgovernment is wrong? Slavery, for instance, was misgovernment. But slavery was for a long time supported by the people of this country. The *Evening Post* fervently denounced its wickedness and its consequent impolicy. Does it now regret its noble advocacy of freedom on the ground that it had no right "to step in with pretensions to finer morality or greater wisdom, and claim the right to govern the mass?" How is political progress ever to be achieved if reform must hold its tongue until it is in the majority? We presume that nobody claims the right to govern the mass. But he is a very poor American citizen and a very immoral man who tells the "mass" that it has a right to do what it chooses.

In this opinion we have no doubt that the *Post* concurs, but its language justifies a totally different view; and as it is a view which the most dangerous class of society is very ready to take, it should be refuted whenever it is uttered.

PARTY REGULARITY.

CERTAIN gentlemen appeared at the late State Republican Union Convention as delegates from the city of New York, who last year worked and voted against the Union nominations. To say that they differed in opinion at that time is certainly a sufficient reason for their not acting with the Republicans, but as the Republicans put forth a platform from which these gentlemen departed, and nominated candidates whom these gentlemen strove to defeat, upon what conceivable ground do they claim seats in a Republican Convention this year, and ask to have their private organization in the city of New York recognized?

The case is perfectly plain. If they are persuaded that they were in error last year in voting for the friends of the rebels, they can vote with loyal men this year. If they wish to belong to any Republican organization they can join that which the State authority of the party has recognized and approved. They know, of course, that there can not be two organizations in a party, and they know equally well that they can not fairly ask for prominence in a party which they opposed twelve months ago. It is, of course, very desirable that the Republicans should have all the votes they can get, because, somehow, party success depends very much upon the number of votes! But it would be political and party destruction to follow yearling leaders. It would be much better party policy to be beaten in any election provided that the party were compact and planted upon a principle, than to succeed by means which necessarily demoralize the party, and which therefore insure not only defeat, at the next trial, but destruction.

The Republican Union party rejects no one who wishes to vote with it. But if any body has a vote to sell, the party, if it is expected to buy, must be allowed to consider the terms. Votes are very desirable, but they may be held at "too high a figure." Mr. ANDREWS, who spoke for the gentlemen who wished to be admitted to the Convention, expressed his satisfaction with the result. His claims were referred to a Committee, and this he said was equivalent to a recognition, which was all he asked. But if those for whom he spoke were recognized as Republicans, and intend, as must be assumed, to act fairly, they can not longer maintain a separate organization. They must now blend with the great body of the Republicans, or undertake a hopeless struggle. All the gentlemen in question understand the great necessity of a certain party discipline if you would have party success. The point of organization, indeed, is the very point they make. Now the highest party authority in the State, the State Convention, settled the question of regular organization last year. That decision must be acknowledged or reversed. It very clearly will not be reversed. Is it not the part of shrewdness for the gentlemen concerned to acknowledge it?

LIGHT YOUR FIRES.

THE unexampled wet summer, followed by a warm, dry autumn, has produced its natural and disastrous effect upon the general health of the country. The earth, first deeply saturated with moisture, and its surface subsequently baked and cracked with heat, has become a veritable Pandora's box, with an open lid, from which is escaping its plentiful supply of diseases. Thus in the Southern portion of our country the intense miasmatic poison has generated yellow-fever, with a virulence hardly ever before equaled; and in the North and West, where congestive and intermittent fevers usually prevail in a mitigated form, even in seasons most favorable to health, they have this year become more rife and severe. So intense is the miasmatic poison, and such its diffusive force, that there is reason to believe that it is exerting its baleful power in places which have been hitherto proof against its influence.

Habit, it is said, will so accustom an eel to skinning that it will submit to it without squirming; and thus ague, when once become familiar by frequent visitations, so loses all its awe, and is received, if not with welcome, with indifference. The story is well known of the traveler who, meeting in the West a pale, emaciated creature, who had shaken apparently all his clothes into tatters, asked him what was the matter. "N-n-n-o-thing," was the reply. "Then why do you tremble so?" "I-t-s n-n-n-o-thing bu-bu-bu-t th-th-the sh-sh-sha-kes!"

The fever and ague, however, though its immediate effects can be readily removed by that blessed remedy, quinine, is by no means a disease that should be regarded with indifference. Repeated attacks of it are sure to engender affections of the vital organs, and so undermine the constitution as to render life miserable and hasten the approach of death.

There is a simple and most effective means of weakening, if not of annulling, the force of the miasmatic poison. Where this is less intense such means will of course be more advantageously applied, although they will be of use even in the presence of its most virulent manifestation. The means alluded to consist merely of a good blazing fire, lighted at least every morning and evening, but still better, kept burning the whole day. In spite of our sunny autumnal days, and seductive Indian Summers, it would be advisable for every family in town or country to have daily a fire of wood or coal in each inhabited room of the house. No furnace will do; there must be a blaze in the open fire-place, so not only that the apartment may be dried by the heat, but that it may be thoroughly ventilated by the current set in motion by the burning fuel exposed to the air. Don't be governed either by your sensations, your thermometers, or the date of the month in first lighting the fires. Light them betimes, even *now*, and keep them burning long. If the heat should force you to open the window, so much the better, for thus you will have a stronger and purer current of air. If you wish to escape agues and fevers, we repeat: "Light your fires."

THE ISSUE OF THE STATE ELECTIONS.

OUR friends of the *Evening Post* say that "the work of reconstruction in the Southern States has nothing to do with our November election." It seems to us, on the contrary, that it is the real issue. If the State elections of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio should result in a Democratic success, the President and his advisers could not help supposing it to be an approval of his policy, and a condemnation of the laws under which reconstruction is now progressing. It is comparatively a matter of indifference in itself whether an honest Democrat or an honest Republican is a State officer of New York for two years; but it is of the utmost importance whether New York falters in supporting the Congressional plan of restoration and the principles declared at Syracuse. When Mr. SEWARD last year promised the State of New York by forty thousand majority to the reaction, he was thinking of national not of local politics. And so long as the national question is of overpowering importance every voter will think of the greater and not of the smaller interest.

As for the local issues in New York, it is the Republican party which has boldly grappled with the canal frauds and relentlessly exposed them. It has expressed its sympathy with all humane and generous movements, without binding itself as a party to individual views. It has earned the right to declare for economy by its canal investigations, and it has nominated men of high character and ability. The State can not suffer by their election, and the country will inconceivably gain. But if their opponents should succeed, the whole subject of reconstruction is reopened. Nothing will be considered settled. The apologists of the rebellion, the enemies of equal rights, the advocates of repudiation, will take heart, and national peace will be indefinitely postponed.

We beg no man to imagine that the State elections have no national significance. Every vote cast this autumn is a vote for or against ANDREW JOHNSON and his administration.

A SPECIMEN "BRICK."

A PERSON who is called "BRICK" POMEROY is the editor of the La Crosse *Democrat*, in Wisconsin. He is an acceptable orator at Democratic meetings and delegate at Democratic conventions, and his paper is sustained by Democratic subscribers. In the following extract his paper speaks of **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** in a manner which the New York *World* feebly imitates whenever it alludes to the late President. We presume, of course, that the La Crosse *Democrat* was "a War Democrat" of exactly the *World's* kind:

> "Every thing concerning the departed cuss possesses a fascination and charm for us, which we make no effort to resist—we wouldn't if we could—we feel his loss more than most people, for he was such a nice, sweet, beautiful man—possessed of such winning ways and charming characteristics—and he was snuffed out of existence *so easy*—he was a human first-class rocket, and every body used to admire him so—they didn't think there was any touch-and-go in him—that th was so much of that 'divinity which doth hedge about,' etc. But one day a naughty boy, J. WILKES BOOTH by name, came along, and *he* admired the rocket, and *he* said: 'Oh, what a beautiful rocket!' and *he* scratched a match, and touched its flame to the nice, first-class rocket, and before any one could say, 'Let me kiss him for his mother,' it went off with a fizz, pop, and bang—his soul to glory, we reckon—and all that was left of the amusing rocket was a nasty, blackened, broken stick, and an empty case, of no account to any body or any thing!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE following table shows the result of registration in those Southern States in which the work has been completed:

	White.	Colored.
Alabama	72,737	88,248
Georgia	95,303	93,417
Louisiana	44,728	82,865
Mississippi	51,154	70,019
Virginia	115,157	101,490

It will be seen that the colored men have undisputed majorities in three of these five States. In Georgia and Virginia, where the registered whites have small majorities, the loyal whites who will vote with the colored men are sufficiently numerous to overcome the apparent rebel majorities. The following table shows the result of registration thus far in those States in which the work has not yet been completed:

	White	Colored.
Arkansas	40,000	35,000
Florida	4,733	9,388
North Carolina	44,508	40,605
South Carolina	21,176	46,019
Texas	40,000	50,000

The final result of registration will not, it is believed, materially change these figures. Here the colored men have majorities in these States; and thus it is apparent that they will control the State elections in eight out of the ten Southern States, and probably in all.

It is probable that the Loyalists of Louisiana have failed to carry the election in favor of a Convention to revise the Constitution on account of a clause in the call for the election requiring that a majority of all registered voters was requisite to carry the question. The rebels refrained from voting, and the number of votes cast was below the required number.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Constitutional Convention of New York adjourned on September 24.

The following are the nominations of the Republican Convention which met at Syracuse on September 25:

Sec. of State	Gen. James B. M'Kean of Saratoga.
Controller	Calvin T. Hulburd of St. Lawrence.
Treasurer	Gen. T. C. Gates of Ulster.
Attorney-General	Judge Van Cott of Kings.
State Engineer	A. C. Powell of Onondaga.
Canal Commiss'r.	John M. Hammond of Alleghany.
Prison Inspector	Gilbert Delamater of Genesee.
Judge Ct. Appeals	Judge Charles Mason of Madison.

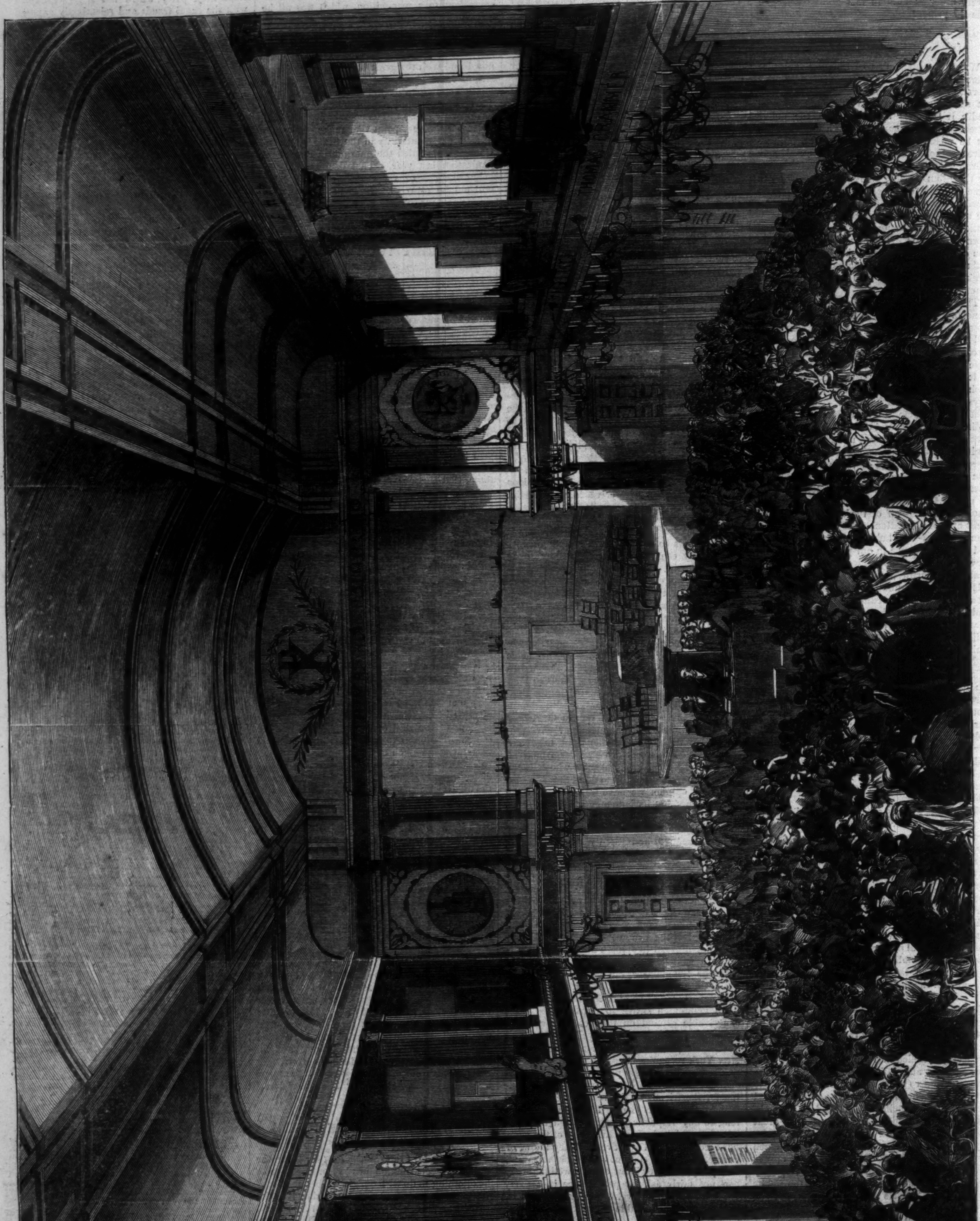
The grand reception of General Sheridan in New York took place on Sept. 30, and in Brooklyn Oct. 1. In reply to the address of the President of the Union League Club, General Sheridan, after hoping that his future actions would deserve the approval conveyed in the reception, added that he certainly knew that heretofore he had not, and he believed that hereafter he should never by any act attempt to make rebellion honorable.

General Grant lately refused to issue artillery to the Maryland militia on Governor Swann's demand. Governor Swann has since purchased several 12-pounder Napoleons, and organized three artillery companies, all under command of late rebel officers.

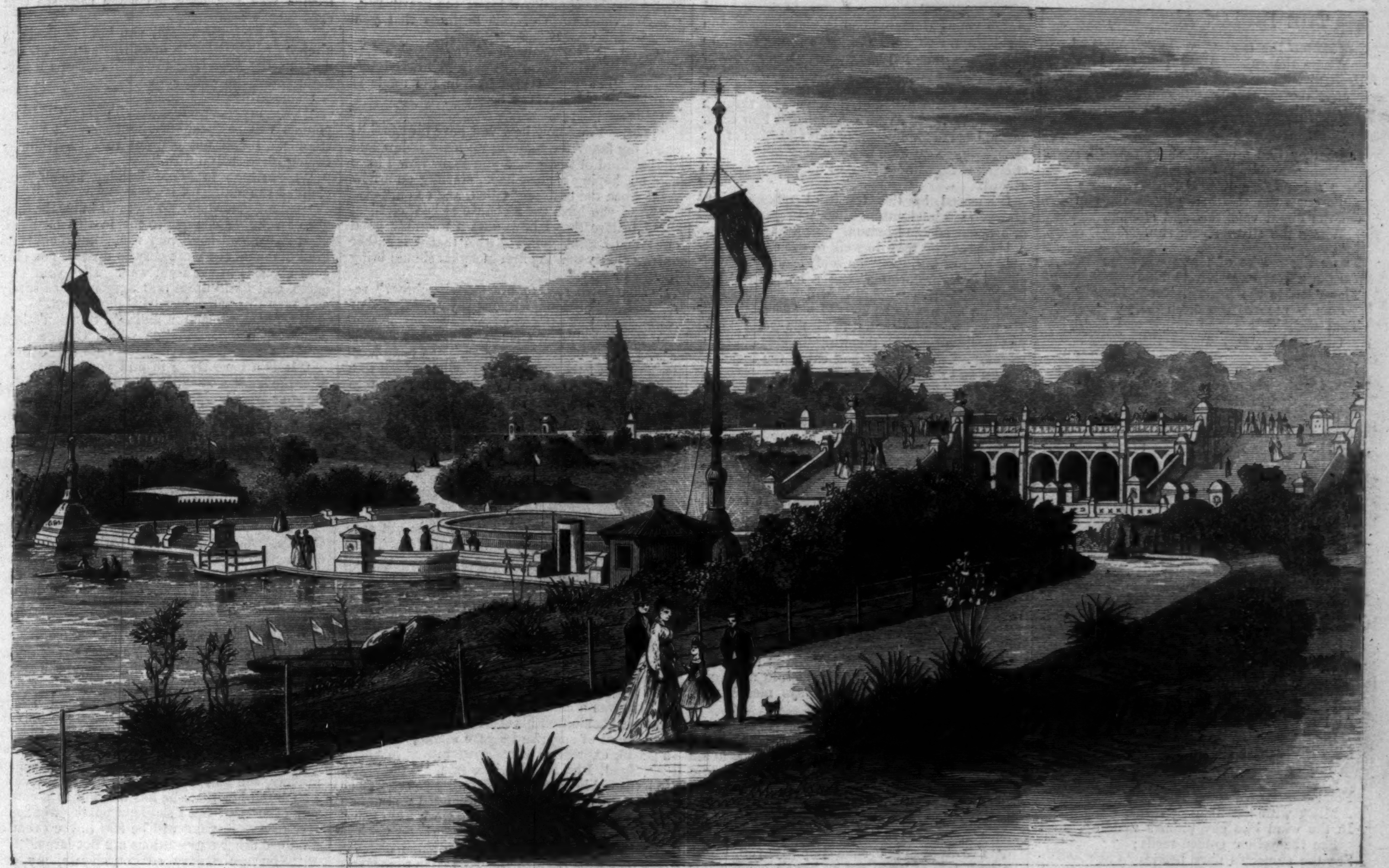
FOREIGN NEWS.

BISMARCK, in a speech in the North German Parliament, declared in very significant terms that "if all Germany" (meaning the whole of the 27 separate States of North and South Germany, with their total population of 36,999,430 souls), "wished for union there was no power strong enough to prevent it."

The movement of Garibaldi on Rome was brought to a sudden termination on September 24 by his arrest by order of Victor Emanuel. The arrest was based on Garibaldi's address, to which we have before referred. The arrest caused such excitement that serious riots prevailed in Florence and other parts of Italy, and were only suppressed by the troops. Garibaldi from his prison urges his compatriots to reorganize and aid their fellow-citizens in Rome.



CONFERENCE OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE TERRACE AT CENTRAL PARK, VIEWED FROM THE LAKE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

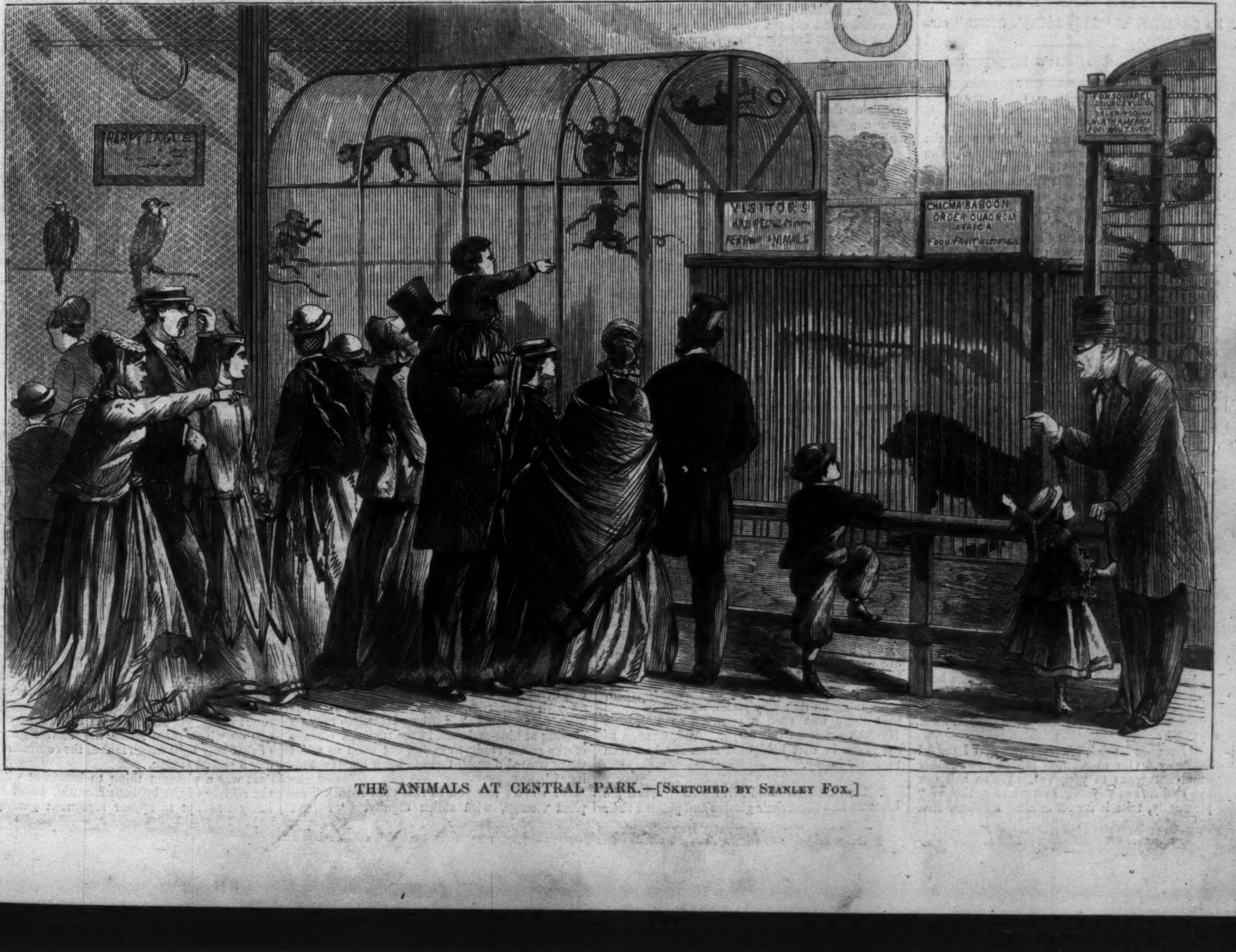
THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT AMSTERDAM.

THE fifth annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held at Amsterdam during a week or ten days, ending with the 27th of August. Meetings were held thrice a day, morning, afternoon, and evening, to receive reports on the state of Christianity in different countries of Europe and America, and to discuss a variety of theological and religious topics. The morning meetings were held in a large hall, which had been handsomely fitted up for the purpose, and the interior of which is shown in our illustration. In front of the galleries around the hall were inscribed the names of several of the most illustrious men of every nation, such as **MARTIN LUTHER**, **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, Archbishop **CRANMER**, and others, renowned as patriots, saints, or reformers. The Evangelical Alliance has been invited by the delegates from America to hold its conference next year in New York city; a disposition to acquiesce was manifested; and it is not improbable that this metropolis will then witness a convocation of the most renowned divines of the Old and the New Worlds.

VIEWS IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE Central Park of New York, the most perfect in design of all the parks of the world, becomes more and more attractive with each succeeding year. The improvements which are continually going on, and the changes in detail but not in the general plan, so alter it in the space of a few months that inconstant visitors are forever discovering new beauties.

Among the most pleasing features of the Park which have been latterly most improved are the Terrace near the Lake and the collection of animals in the old Armory building. We give views of these localities on this page. The Terrace is a Caen stone piazza at the north end of the Mall and overlooking the lake. Two broad staircases form the descent to the Lake, on which thousands of visitors daily sail in the small craft provided by the Commissioners. At the Armory a large number of birds and beasts have been collected, and the Park now possesses the largest collection of the character in the country, and additions are being made daily. Most of these are of animals not native to North America, and are for that reason greater objects of interest to the visitors.



THE ANIMALS AT CENTRAL PARK.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE INDIAN AUTUMN.

SEE across the smiling valley,
  Where the yellow corn-fields stand
Fruitful with the red man's blessing,
  Rise the mountains tall and grand,
With their cloudy purple summits
  Gazing far across the land.

Seem they like great chiefs in council,
  Stern and thoughtful every one;
Like a big eye, downward peering,
  Through the cloud-rifts looks the sun
On the broad vale, fair and shining,
  Where the silver rivers run.

There the smoke of many wigwams
  Like a soft haze hovers blue;
There beside the lisping river
  Safe is moored the birch canoe,
That with light stroke, quick and steady,
  Glides the glassy waters through.

Hither comes the dry-voiced robin,
  With the sunset on his breast,
Deepest dye of happy crimson,
  Borrowed from the glowing west,
That with flaming color kindles
  When the great sun sinks to rest.

Yonder see the forest's monarch,
  See the oak-tree burning red,
Like a warrior in his war paint,
  Lifting high his fearless head,
With his tall crown plumed with feathers,
  And his giant arms outspread.

See the beech-trees gathering russet
  By the shady woodland stream;
Like the young men of our people,
  Supple, hard, and strong they seem,
Like my warrior, my true lover,
  Beautiful as any dream.

See the maples, bright and golden,
  Like the gay queens of our race;
And the young ash, tall and slender,
  Bending lightly in its place,
Like a youthful Indian maiden,
  Full of beauty and of grace.

Yonder on the sloping hill-side,
  Misty with the floating seeds,
In the wind like gay plumes nodding,
  See the yellow golden-reeds;
See the sumach's fiery berries
  Shine like strings of golden beads.

Soon will come the sad wind, sobbing
  In these leaves of gold and red,
Like the sound of mingled voices
  Mourning for a spirit fled,
Voices raised in lamentation
  When a mighty chief is dead.

Soon will come the pattering rain-drops,
  Slowly falling, chill and damp,
Like the tread of stealthy footsteps,
  Like the dull and muffled tramp
When our warriors, for the war-path,
  File from out their silent camp.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. SHELDON IS PRUDENT.

VALENTINE found the apartments near the Edgware Road in every manner eligible. The situation was midway between his reading-room in Great Russell Street and the abode of his delight—a half-way house on the road between business and pleasure. The terms were very moderate, the rooms airy and pleasant; so he engaged them forthwith, his tenancy to commence at the end of the following week; and having settled this matter he went back to Omega Street, bent on dissolving partnership with the Captain in a civil but decided manner.

A surprise, and a very agreeable one, awaited him at Chelsea. He found the sitting-room strewn with Captain Paget's personal property, and the Captain on his knees before a portmanteau, packing.

"You're just in time to give me a hand, Val," he said, in his most agreeable manner. "I begin to find out my age when I put my poor old bones into abnormal attitudes. I dare say packing a trunk or two will be only child's-play to you."

"I'll pack half a dozen trunks if you like," replied Valentine. "But what is the meaning of this sudden move? I did not know you were going to leave town."

"Neither did I when you and I breakfasted together. I got an unexpected offer of a very decent position abroad this morning—a kind of agency, that will be much better than the hand-to-mouth business I've been doing lately."

"What kind of agency, and where?"

"Well, so far as I can make out at present, it is something in the steam-navigation way. My head-quarters will be at Rouen."

"Rouen! Well, it's a pleasant, lively old city enough, and as medieval as one of Sir Walter's novels, provided they haven't Haussmanized it by this time. I am very glad to hear you have secured a comfortable berth."

"And I am not sorry to leave England, Val," answered the Captain, in rather a mournful tone.

"Why not?"

"Because I think it's time you and I parted company. Our association begins to be rather disadvantageous to you, Val. We've had our ups and downs together, and we've got on very pleasantly, take it for all in all. But now that you're settling down as a literary man, engaged to that young woman, hand-in-glove with Philip Sheldon, and so on, I think it's time for me to take myself off. I'm not wanted; and sooner or later I should begin to feel myself in the way."

The Captain grew quite pathetic as he said this; and little pangs of remorse shot through Valentine's heart as he remembered how eager he had been to rid himself of this Old Man of the Mountain. And here was the poor old creature offering to take himself out of the way of his own accord.

Influenced by this touch of remorse, Mr. Hawkehurst held out his hand, and grasped that of his comrade and patron.

"I hope you may do well, in some—comfortable kind of business," he said, heartily. That adjective "comfortable" was a hasty substitute for the adjective "honest," which had been almost on his lips as he uttered his friendly wish. He was too well-disposed to all the world not to feel profound pity for this white-headed old man, who for so many years had eaten the bread of rogues and scoundrels.

"Come," he cried, cheerily, "I'll take all the packing off your hands, Captain; and we'll eat our last dinner and drink our last bottle of sparkling together at my expense, at any place you please to name."

"Say Blanchard's," replied Horatio Paget. "I like a corner-window, looking out upon the glare and bustle of Regent Street. It reminds one just a little of the Maison Dorée and the boulevard. We'll drink Charlotte Halliday's health, Val, in bumpers. She's a charming young person, and I only wish she were an heiress, for your sake."

The eyes of the two men met as the Captain said this; and there was a twinkle in the cold gray orbs of that gentleman which had a very unpleasant effect upon Valentine.

"What treachery is he engaged in now?" he asked himself. "I know that look in my Horatio's eyes; and I know it always means mischief."

George Sheldon made his appearance at the Lawn five minutes after his brother came home from the City. He entered upon the domestic circle in his usual free-and-easy manner, knowing himself to be endured, rather than liked, by the two ladies, and to be only tolerated as a necessary evil by the master of the house.

"I've dropped in to eat a chop with you, Phil," he said, "in order to get an hour's comfortable talk after dinner. There's no saying half a dozen consecutive words to you in the City, where your clerks seem to spend their lives in bouncing in upon you when you don't want them."

There was very little talk during dinner. Charlotte and her step-father were thoughtful. Diana was chiefly employed in listening to the *sotto voce* inanities of Mrs. Sheldon, for whom the girl showed herself admirably patient. Her forbearance and gentleness toward Georgy constituted a kind of penitential sacrifice, by which she hoped to atone for the dark thoughts and bitter feelings that possessed her mind during those miserable hours in which she was obliged to witness the happiness of Charlotte and her lover.

George Sheldon devoted himself chiefly to his dinner and a certain dry sherry, which he particularly affected. He was a man who would have dined and enjoyed himself at the table of Judas Iscariot, knowing him for the traitor he was.

"That's as good a pheasant as I ever ate, Phil," he said, after winding up with a couple of legs and a wing or so. "No, Georgy; no macaroni, thanks. I don't care about kickshaws after a good dinner. Has Hawkehurst dined with you lately, by-the-way, Phil?"

Charlotte blushed red as the holly-berries that decorated the chandelier. It was Christmas-eve, and her own fair hands had helped to bedeck the rooms with festal garlands of evergreen and holly.

"He dines with us to-morrow," replied the stock-broker. "You'll come, I suppose, as usual, George?"

"Well, I shall be very glad, if I'm not in the way."

Georgy murmured some conventional protestation of the unfailing delight afforded to her by George's society.

"Of course we're always glad to see you," said Philip in his most genial manner; "and now, if you've any thing to say to me about business, the sooner you begin the better. You and the girls needn't stay for dessert, Georgy. Almonds and raisins can't be much of a novelty to you; and as none of you take any wine there's not much to stop for. George and I will come in to tea."

The ladies departed, by no means sorry to return to their Berlin-wool and piano. Diana took up her work with that saintly patience with which she performed all the duties of her position; and Charlotte seated herself before the piano, and began to play little bits waltzes, and odds and ends of polkas, in a dreamy mood, and with a slurring over of dominant bass notes, which would have been torture to a musician's ear.

She was wondering whether Valentine would call that evening, Christmas-eve—a sort of occasion for congratulation of some kind from her lover, she fancied. It was the first Christmas-eve on which she had been "engaged." She looked back to the same period last year, and remembered herself sitting in that very room, strumming on that very piano, and unconscious that there was such a creature as Valentine Hawkehurst upon this earth. And, strange to say, even in that benighted state she had been tolerably happy.

"Now, George," said Mr. Sheldon, when the brothers had filled their glasses and planted their chairs on the opposite sides of the hearth-rug, "what's the nature of this business that you want to talk about?"

"Well, it is a business of considerable importance, in which you are only indirectly concerned. The actual principal in the affair is your step-daughter, Miss Halliday."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You know how you have always ridiculed my fancy for hunting up heirs-at-law and all that kind of thing, and you know how I have held on, hoping against hope, starting on a new scent when the old scent failed, and so on."

"And you have got a chance at last, eh?"

"I believe that I have, and a tolerably good one; and I think you will own that it is rather extraordinary that my first lucky hit should bring luck your way."

"That is to say, to my step-daughter?" remarked Mr. Sheldon, without any appearance of astonishment.

"Precisely," said George, somewhat disconcerted by his brother's coolness. "I have lately discovered that Miss Halliday is entitled to a certain sum of money, and I pledge myself to put her in possession of that money—on one condition."

"And that is—"

"That she executes a deed promising to give me half of the amount she may recover by my agency."

"Suppose she can recover it without your agency?"

"That I defy her to do. She does not even know that she has any claim to the amount in question."

"Don't be too sure of that. Or even supposing she knows nothing, do you think her friends are as ignorant as she is? Do you think me such a very bad man of business as to remain all this time unaware of the fact that my step-daughter, Charlotte Halliday, is next of kin to the Rev. John Haygarth, who died intestate, at Tilford Haven, in Norfolk, about a year ago?"

This was a cannon-shot that almost knocked George Sheldon off his chair, but after that first movement of surprise he gave a sigh, or almost a groan, expressive of resignation.

"Egad, Phil Sheldon," he said, "I ought not to be astonished at this. Knowing you so well as I do, I must have been a confounded fool not to expect some kind of underhand work from you."

"What do you mean by underhand work?" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon. "The same newspapers that were open to you were open to me, and I had better opportunities for tracking my step-daughter's direct descent from John Haygarth's father."

"How did you discover Miss Halliday's descent from Matthew Haygarth?" asked George, very meekly. He was quite crest-fallen. He began to feel that his brother would have the upper hand of him in this business as in all other business of this world.

"That is my secret," replied Mr. Sheldon, with agreeable tranquillity of manner. "You have kept your secrets, and I shall keep mine. Your policy has been the policy of distrust. Mine shall be the same. When you were starting this affair I offered to go into it with you—to advance whatever money you needed, in a friendly manner. You declined my offer, and chose to go in for the business on your own hook. You have made a very good thing for yourself, no doubt; but you are not quite clever enough to keep me altogether in the dark in a matter which concerns a member of my own family."

"Yes," said George, with a sigh, "that's where you hold the winning cards. Miss Halliday is your ace of trumps."

"Depend upon it I shall know how to hold my strength in reserve, and when to play my leading trump."

"And how to collar my king," muttered George, between his set teeth.

"Come," exclaimed Philip, presently, "we may as well discuss this matter in a friendly spirit. What do you mean to propose?"

"I have only one proposition to make," answered the lawyer, with decision. "I hold every link of the chain of evidence, without which Miss Halliday might as well be a native of the Fiji Islands for any claim she can assert to John Haygarth's estate. I am prepared to carry this matter through; but I will only do it on the condition that I receive half the fortune recovered from the Crown by Miss Halliday."

"A very moderate demand, upon my word!"

"I dare say I shall be able to make my bargain with Miss Halliday."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Sheldon; "and I shall be able to get that bargain set aside as illegal."

"I doubt that. I have a deed of agreement drawn up here which would hold water in any court of equity."

And hereupon Mr. Sheldon the younger produced and read aloud one of those dryasdust documents by which the legal business of life is carried on. It was a deed to be executed by Charlotte Halliday, spinster, of Bayswater, on the one part, and George Sheldon, solicitor, of Gray's Inn, on the other part; and it gave to the said George Sheldon, as securely as any deed can give any thing, one-half of any property, not now in her possession or control, which the said Charlotte Halliday might obtain by the agency of the above-mentioned George Sheldon.

"And pray, who is to find the costs for this business?" asked the stock-broker. "I don't feel by any means disposed to stake my money on such a hazardous game. Who knows what other descendants of Matthew Haygarth may be playing at hide-and-seek in the remotest corners of the earth, ready to spring out upon us when we've wasted a small fortune upon law-proceedings?"

"I sha'n't ask you to risk your money," replied George, with sullen dignity. "I have friends who will back me when they see that agreement executed."

"Very well, then. All you have to do is to alter your half share to one-fifth, and I will undertake that Miss Halliday shall sign the agreement before the week is out."

"One-fifth?"

"Yes, my dear George. Twenty thousand pounds will pay you very handsomely for your trouble. I can not consent to Miss Halliday ceding more than a fifth."

"I shall go to Miss Halliday herself," exclaimed the indignant lawyer.

"Oh no, you won't. You must know the danger of running counter to me in this business. That agreement is all very well; but there is no kind of document more easy to upset if one only goes about it in the right way. Play your own game, and I will upset that agreement as surely as I turn this wine-glass bowl downward."

Mr. Sheldon's action and Mr. Sheldon's look expressed a determination which George knew how to estimate by the light of past experience.

"It is a hard thing to find you against me, after the manner in which I have toiled and slaved for your step-daughter's interests."

"I am bound to hold my step-daughter's interests paramount over every consideration."

"Yes, paramount over brotherly feeling and all that sort of thing. I say that it is more than hard that you should be against me, considering the special circumstances and the manner in which I have kept my own counsel—"

"You will take a fifth share, or nothing, George," said Mr. Sheldon, with a threatening contraction of his black brows. "If I have any difficulty in arranging matters with you, I will go into this affair myself, and carry it through without your help."

"That I defy you to do."

"You had better not defy me."

"Pray how much do you expect to get out of Miss Halliday's fortune?" demanded the aggravated George, with angry abruptness.

"That is my business," answered Philip, quietly. "And now we had better go into the drawing-room for our tea. Oh, by-the-by, George," he added, with delightful carelessness, "as Miss Halliday is quite a child in all business matters, she had better be treated like a child. I shall tell her that she has a claim to a certain sum of money; but I shall not tell her what sum. Her disappointment will be less in the event of a failure if her expectations are not large."

"You are always so considerate, my dear Phil," said George, with a malignant grin. "May I ask how it is you have taken it into your head to play the benevolent father in the matter of Valentine Hawkehurst and Miss Halliday?"

"What can it matter to me whom my step-daughter marries?" asked Philip, coolly. "Of course I wish her well; but I will not have the responsibility of controlling her choice. If this young man suits her, let her marry him."

"Especially when he happens to suit you so remarkably well. I think I can understand your tactics, Phil."

"You must understand or misunderstand me, just as you please. And now come to tea."

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTMAS PEACE.

VALENTINE HAWKEHURST did not make his appearance at the Lawn on Christmas-eve. He devoted that evening to the service of his old ally. He performed all friendly offices for the departing Captain, dined with him very pleasantly in Regent Street, and accompanied him to the London Bridge terminus, where he beheld the voyager comfortably seated in a second-class carriage of the night-train for Newhaven.

Mr. Hawkehurst had seen the Captain take a through ticket for Rouen, and he saw the train leave the terminus. This he held to be ocular demonstration of the fact that Captain Paget was really going to the Gallic Manchester.

"That sort of customer is so uncommonly slippery," the young man said to himself, as he left the station, "nothing but the evidence of my own eyes would have convinced me of my friend's departure. How pure and fresh the London atmosphere seems now that the perfume of Horatio Paget is out of it! I wonder what he is going to do at Rouen? Very little good, I dare say. But why should I wonder about him, or trouble myself about him? He is gone, and I have set myself free from the trammels of the past."

The next day was Christmas-day. Mr. Hawkehurst recited scraps of Milton's glorious hymn as he made his morning toilet. He was very happy. It was the first Christmas morning on which he had ever awakened with this sense of supreme happiness, or with the consciousness that the day was brighter, or grander, or more holy than other days. It seemed to him to-day, more than ever, that he was indeed a regenerate creature, purified by the influence of a good woman's love.

He looked back at his past existence, and the vision of many Christmas-days arose before him: a Christmas in Paris, amidst unutterable rain and mud—a Christmas-night spent in roaming the boulevards and in the consumption of cognac and tobacco at a third-rate café; a Christmas in Germany; more than one Christmas in the Queen's Bench; one especially dreary Christmas in a long bare ward at Whitecross Street—how many varied scenes and changing faces arose before his mental vision associated with that festive time! And yet among them all there was not one on which there shone the faintest glimmer of that holy light which makes the common holiday a sacred season.

It was a pleasant thing to breakfast without the society of the brilliant Horatio, whose brilliancy was apt to appear somewhat ghastly at that early period of the morning. It was pleasant to loiter over the meal, now meditating on the happy future; now dipping into a tattered copy of Southey's *Doctor*, with the consciousness that the winds and waves had by this time wafted Captain Paget to a foreign land.

Valentine was to spend the whole of Christmas-day with Charlotte and her kindred. He was to accompany them to a fashionable church in the morning, to walk with them after church, to dine and tell ghost-stories in the evening. It was to be his first day as a recognized member of that pleasant family at Bayswater; and in the fullness of his heart he felt affectionately disposed to all his adopted relations; even to Mr. Sheldon, whose very noble conduct had impressed him strongly in spite of the bitter sneers and covert slanders of George.

Charlotte had told her lover that her step-father was a very generous and disinterested person, and that there was a secret which she would have been glad to tell him, had she not been pledged to hold it inviolate, that would have gone far to place Mr. Sheldon in a very exalted light before the eyes of his future son-in-law.

And then Miss Halliday had nodded and smiled, and had informed her lover, with a joyous little laugh, that he should have a horse to ride, and an edition of Grote's *Greece* bound in dark-brown calf with beveled edges, when they were married; this work being one which the young author had of late languished to possess.

"Dear foolish Lotta, I fear there will be a new history of Greece, based on new principles, before that time comes," said the lover.

"Oh no, indeed; that time will come very soon. See how industriously you work, and how well you succeed! The magazine people will soon give you thirty pounds a month. Or who knows that you may not write some book that will make you suddenly famous, like Byron, or the good-natured fat little printer who wrote those long, long, long novels that no one reads nowadays."

Influenced by Charlotte's hints about her step-father, Mr. Hawkehurst's friendly feeling for that gentleman grew stronger, and the sneers and innuendoes of the lawyer ceased to have the smallest power over him.

"The man is such a thorough-going schemer himself that he can not bring himself to believe in another man's honesty," thought Mr. Hawkehurst, while meditating upon his experience of the two brothers. "So far as I have had any dealings with Philip Sheldon, I have found him straightforward enough. I can imagine no hidden motive for his conduct in relation to Charlotte. The test of his honesty will be the manner in which he is acted upon by Charlotte's position as claimant of a great fortune. Will he throw me overboard, I wonder? or will my dear one believe me an adventurer and fortune-hunter? Ah, no, no, no; I do not think, in all the complications of life, there could come about a state of events which would cause my Charlotte to doubt me. There is no clairvoyance so unerring as true love."

Mr. Hawkehurst had need of such philosophy as this to sustain him in the present crisis of his life. He was blest with a pure delight which excelled his wildest dreams of happiness; but he was not blest with any sense of security as to the endurance of that exalted state of bliss.

Mr. Sheldon would learn Charlotte's position, would doubtless extort from his brother the history of those researches in which Valentine had been engaged; and then, what then? Alas, hereupon arose incalculable dangers and perplexities.

Might not the stock-broker, as a man of the world, take a sordid view of the whole transaction, and consider Valentine in the light of a shameless adventurer, who had traded on his secret knowledge in the hope of securing a rich wife? Might he not reveal all to Charlotte, and attempt to place her lover before her in this most odious aspect? She would not believe him base; her faith would be unshaken, her love unchanged; but it was odious, it was horrible to think that her ears should be sullied, her tender heart fluttered by the mere suggestion of such baseness.

It was during the Christmas-morning sermon that Mr. Hawkehurst permitted his mind to be disturbed by these reflections. He was sitting next his betrothed, and had the pleasure of contemplating her fair girlish face, with the rosy lips half-parted in reverent attention as she looked upward to her pastor.

After church there was the walk home to the Lawn; and during this rapturous promenade Valentine put away from him all shadow of doubt and fear in order to bask in the full sunshine of his Charlotte's presence. Her pretty gloved hand rested confidingly on his arm, and the supreme privilege of carrying a dainty blue silk umbrella and an ivory-bound church-service was awarded him. With what pride he accepted the duty of convoying his promised wife over the muddy crossings! Those brief journeys seemed to him in a manner typical of their future lives. She was to travel dry-shod over the miry ways of this world, supported by his strong arm. How fondly he surveyed her toilet! and what a sudden interest he felt in the fashions that had until lately seemed so vulgar and frivolous!

"I will never denounce the absurdity of those little bonnets again, Lotta," he cried; "that conglomeration of black velvet and maiden's-hair fern is divine. Do you know that in some places they call that fern Maria's hair, and hold it sacred to the mother of Him who was born to-day? so you see there is an artistic fitness in your head-dress. Yes, your bonnet is delicious, darling; and though the diminutive size of that velvet jacket would lead me to suppose you had borrowed it from some juvenile sister, it seems the very garment of all garments best calculated to render you just one hair's-breadth nearer perfection than you were made by nature."

"Valentine, don't be ridiculous!" giggled the young lady.

"How can I help being ridiculous? Your presence acts upon my nerves like laughing-gas. Ah, you do not know what cares and perplexities I have to make me serious. Charlotte," exclaimed the young man, with sudden energy, "do you think you could ever come to distrust me?"

"Valentine! Do I think I shall ever be Queen of England? One thing is quite as likely as the other."

"My dear angel, if you will only believe in me always, there is no power upon earth that can make us unhappy. Suppose you found yourself suddenly possessed of a great fortune, Charlotte; what would you do with it?"

"I would buy you a library as good as that in the British Museum; and then you would not want to spend the *whole* of your existence in Great Russell Street."

"But if you had a great fortune, Lotta, don't you think you would be very much disposed to leave me to plod on at my desk in Great Russell Street? Possessed of wealth, you would begin to languish for position; and you would allow Mr. Sheldon to bring you some suitor who could give you a name and a rank in society worthy of an angelic creature with a hundred thousand pounds or so."

"I should do nothing of the kind. I do not care for money. Indeed, I should be almost sorry to be very rich."

"Why, dearest?"

"Because if I were rich we could not live in the cottage at Wimbledon, and I could not make lemon cheese-cakes for your dinner."

"My own true-hearted darling!" cried Valentine; "the taint of worldliness can never touch your pure spirit."

They were at the gates of Mr. Sheldon's domain by this time. Diana and Georgy had walked behind the lovers, and had talked a little about the sermon, and a good deal about the bonnets; poor Diana doing her very uttermost to feign an interest in the finery that had attracted Mrs. Sheldon's wandering gaze.

"Well, I should have thought you couldn't fail to see it," said the elderly lady, as they approached the gate; "a leghorn, very small, with holly-berries and black ribbon—quite French, you know, and so stylish. I was thinking, if I had my Tuscan cleaned and altered, it might—" And here the conversation became general, as the family party entered the drawing-room, where Mr. Sheldon was reading his paper by a roaring fire.

"Talking about the bonnets, as per usual," said the stock-broker. "What an enormous amount of spiritual benefit you women must derive from church-going!—Consols have fallen another eighth since Tuesday afternoon, George," added Mr. Sheldon, addressing himself to his brother, who was standing on the hearth-rug, with his elbow on the chimney-piece.

"Consols are your 'bonnets,' papa," cried Charlotte, gayly; "I don't think there is a day upon which you do not talk about their having gone up, or gone down, or gone somewhere."

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

The twilight's length'ning shadows
  Fall darkly across the floor,
And autumn's withering leaflets
  Creep through the open door;
And I clasp my hands while the dying sun
Sinks and the bright day is ended and gone,
    Troubled and weary.

Not that my life is barren,
  Not that my lot is low—
God has given me blessings
  That many never know;
But over them all a shadow clingeth,
While in my heart one voice e'er ringeth,
    Mournful and dreary.

Oh! I have tried to conquer
  The tempter of my life;
But I'm weary with this toiling—
  I'm weary of this strife;
And my soul leaps forth to the hills of gold,
With a yearning anguish it never hath told—
    Hushing its moan.

Oh! for Thy help, my Father,
  To labor firm and true—
To learn this precious lesson—
  There's *work* for me to do;
Then shall I never again sink down,
But, cheered by the thought "No cross, no crown,"
    Bless every day.

Again the autumn shadows
  Gleam brightly across the floor,
And lightly the crimson leaflets
  Dance through the open door;
For I sit no more with my mournful dreams—
I have found my work, and the sunshine streams
    O'er all my way.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Bread and cream, strawberries and cream, peaches and cream, bananas and cream—yes, and possibly too that delicious mixture known only to a favored few, trout and cream—*may* be familiar to you; but, gentle reader, did you ever try *mountains* and cream? We don't mean in the same dish, but mountains for the first course and cream for the second—glorious mountains, and genuine, old-fashioned country cream! A judicious alternation of these courses, with various accompanying *entrées*, is delightful, as we ascertained by actual experience last week.

A drive of twenty miles, in part through wild ravines, deep gorges, and over rocky, precipitous heights, brought us to the romantically situated village of Weld, which the Gazetteer says is a "post-township of Franklin County, Maine, about 44 miles N.W. of Augusta"—a description which affords positive proof that the Gazetteer never went to Weld, or it would not have uttered any thing so prosaic, and "*nothing more.*"

Passing through the quiet village, nestling in a valley, and gazing, now on the liquid pond upon the left, where the "mountain shadows" were "neither broken nor at rest," now upon the more wild and rugged scenery on the right, we ascended the upland beyond, and soon reached a pretty little white cottage, where good Mr. F—— and his hospitable wife gave us a cordial welcome. Having refreshed ourselves with the "good cheer" provided, our little party, numbering five, abandoned the house, and gave ourselves up to unrestrained enjoyment of the exquisite views. It was afternoon of a perfect September day. Not a cloud floated in the unbroken blue of the heavens. Just far enough above the valley to enjoy the view of that we were encircled by a chain of mountains, whose distant peaks seemed bathed in sunshine. On the west Old Saddleback and "Tumbledown" overlooked the pond: on the south Sugar-Loaf and Mount Abraham; while midway, far in the distance, rose a peak which we fancied was Mount Katahdin; on the east and north were Bald Mountain, of blueberry fame, and Old Blue, looking grand and rugged, with a diminutive "Little Blue" at its foot.

Reclining on the grassy carpet beneath the apple-trees we watched the lengthening shadows in dreamy restfulness. But when the sun neared the distant tips, and slowly dropped behind, tinging with golden radiance the sky, and bathing Old Blue in a flood of glory, every nerve thrilled with the rare beauty of the scene. It was glorious. We had promised ourself a treat in the sunrise next morning. In fact, we slept with one eye open so as not to miss it. But a dense fog veiled the mountains, which even the sun could not penetrate for some hours. Were we therefore gloomy? By no means. We turned our attention to the *cream!* That big blue and white bowl filled with richest cream! How it passed from hand to hand at breakfast, with many a joke and jest! Yet it reappeared on the dinner-table, its contents undiminished, and the subject of renewed attacks. Except for that delicious *cream* we might have fretted about the fog; as it was, we waited with the utmost content until a little past mid-day, when the veil was lifted grandly. Entering our carriages we drove around that silver sheet of water—by name Webb's Pond—famous for its beauty and its salmon-trout. Some fifty years ago—so the story is—a hunter named Webb frequented these then even wilder scenes. Dog and gun were his sole companions. He cared for no one, perhaps none cared for him. But one day he was missing. He was never seen again. Did he perish in the mountain passes? Or did that quiet water prove his grave? None knew. But Webb's Pond was christened about that time. Many a fisherman has lingered on its banks since then with hook and line—many a pleasure-party sailed upon its sparkling surface, but it has never proved treacherous to any one. And as we cast a last lingering gaze upon it we fondly hoped that next time no fog would prevent our enjoying—in addition to mountain views, rich cream, and sundry rarities—a sail upon Webb's Pond.

The mosquitoes in some sections of the country have been frost-bitten; but an attempt has been made to exterminate the huge variety that frequent some parts of New Jersey by the use of carbolic acid. A small cloth, saturated with the acid, was hung in a room where the mosquitoes had been very troublesome, and in two hours they entirely disappeared. Carbolic acid is a "good invention" if it can serve this purpose.

It is announced that there will be a series of Oratorios at Steinway Hall during the coming winter. Steinway Hall has undergone extensive alterations and improvements during the summer season.

Can it be true? It is said that Thirty-ninth Street, between First and Second avenues, has not been swept for seven years, and that the pavement is covered with dirt from six to twelve inches deep! If this is so the wonder is that half the dwellers in New York did not die with cholera and typhoid fever during the hot season.

New Hampshire is resolved to enforce obedience to the Fifth Commandment. A boy in Manchester has been imprisoned thirty days for insolence to his mother.

An exchange remarks that "a gentleman in Connecticut, after reading every article of every number of *The Journal of Commerce* for fifteen years, has just died." Without disrespect to the said journal, we wonder the poor fellow had not died long before.

What next? An American spiritualist has applied for a patent for seeing ghosts! The invention consists in the use of a chamber to which air (for the ghosts to breathe probably) is admitted by a stop-cock, and light by a small piece of dark blue glass. If ghosts could only be made useful, in keeping off burglars for example, this would be a valuable invention.

The fiat has gone forth, and Fashion declares that gentlemen are to wear pantaloons "as tight as possible," and ladies the smallest crinoline and the narrowest dresses. Most fashionable color for pantaloons, green; for dresses, brown. Business and morning coats will still be worn short, the variety with short tails prevailing: so also walking and even morning dresses will continue to be worn short: Eugénie has adopted them, and that settles the question, if there was any doubt about the matter before. Gentlemen will wear hats with low crowns and broad brims: and ladies will wear—what they please, provided it belongs to the *Brown* family. Full-dress vests for gentlemen will be low in the roll, and have but three buttons; ball dresses will also be low "in the roll"—if we may be allowed the expression—and ladies will exhibit as many buttons on their attire as the material will admit. Dress shirt bosoms will not be plated, but highly embroidered; the same may be said of the silks and satins designed for grand toilets. Both sexes seem to agree in adopting the coat sleeve. On the whole, there is quite as much similarity in the latest fashions for ladies and gentlemen as could be expected.

A new method of burning kerosene oil, which is said to produce a clearer and softer light than gas, at about one-third of the cost, has been discovered. It consists in burning the oil from common gas-pipes, conducted through the building in the same manner as for gas, and fed from a reservoir placed in the attic, cellar, or out-building near the house. This light is stated to be much less trying to the eyes than gas; and if it is so, it will be welcomed by the many who suffer from weak eyes. Those also who are monthly presented with an enormous gas-bill will be glad to make use of a really good substitute.

Pike's new Opera-house, at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, will probably be completed in about two months. It will then undoubtedly rank first among American Opera-houses. It will seat comfortably between two and three thousand persons, and is to be finished in the best style and adorned with paintings and statuary. The entire cost of this magnificent building is estimated to be nearly a million dollars.

The new Tammany Hall on Fourteenth Street is to cost $275,000, exclusive of the $80,000 paid for the land. It is 121 feet deep, and has a front of 116 feet. It is to be of brick, trimmed with marble, and will contain a hall capable of holding over 9000 people, also a theatre and concert room which will seat 800 people.

Queen Victoria, it is said, will devote the profits of her Memoir of Albert to a German Hospital at Dalston, one of the suburbs of London, in which the Prince had been much interested.

Paris is the cleanest city in the world. There are no stagnant pools—the water in the gutters is clear and pure. There are no heaps of ashes, mingled with decaying vegetable matter, standing all day long in the streets—an offense to sight and smell. All garbage is removed before seven o'clock in the morning; and it is not the fashion there to throw every thing into the streets at all hours of the day.

Some years ago, so the story goes, a farmer living not a thousand miles from New York, gave one of his sons some money, and told him to go out West and remain two years; at the end of which time, if he would return to a specified place, one of his brothers would meet him. The young man went, and returned and met his brother according to appointment, although no communication had taken place between them during the time. While going homeward together the wanderer, after relating some of his adventures, inquired whether any thing had happened since he left home.

"No, not a single thing," said the other, "every thing is just the same as when you left—except that the old crow died."

"Indeed," said the wanderer, "and is the old crow dead—what killed him?"

"Why, he ate too much meat when the matched horses died."

"Good gracious! are the matched horses dead—what killed them?"

"Well, you see when the house and barn burned they overdid themselves in hauling water."

"Good gracious! are the house and barn burned down—how did it happen?"

"Well, you see when daddy died, they were carrying lights about and were careless."

"Good gracious! and is daddy dead—what was the matter with him?"

"Well, you see when Sal ran away and got married against daddy's wishes he just pined away and died."

"Good gracious! so nothing has happened since I've been away?"

"No, every thing is just the same!"

The "misery of buttons" is thus described by an English writer: "Sartorial ingenuity has not yet attained to the manufacture of masculine garments unencumbered with the dire nuisance of buttons. It is not too much to say that a man's whole comfort during the day is dependent on the state of his buttons. The sudden defection of a button, when the sufferer is beyond the reach of all remedial assistance, puts him to misery and perhaps to shame."

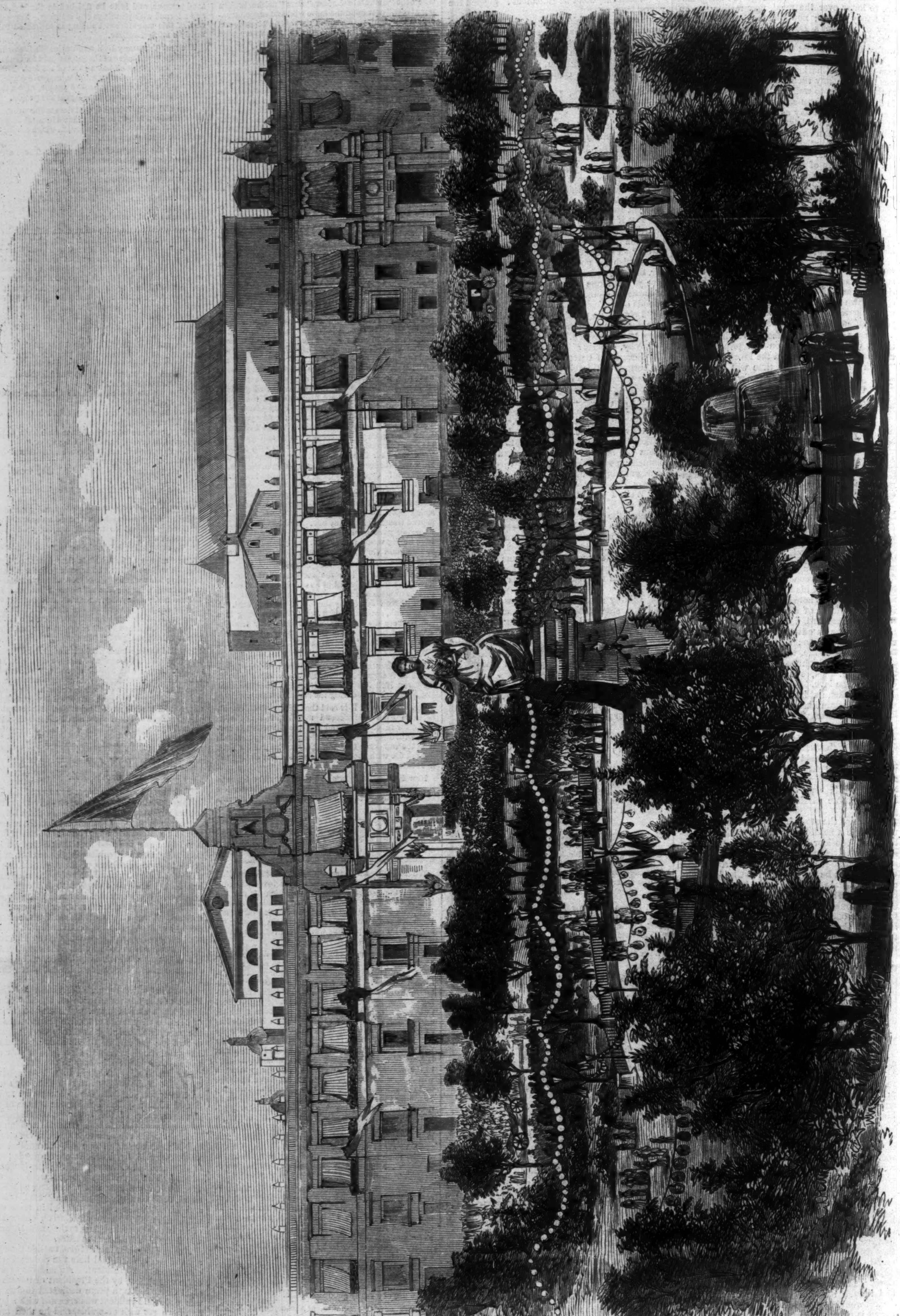
It is said that a common solution of gum-arabic is an excellent absorbent and will remove dirt, etc., from marble. Apply with a brush a good coat of gum-arabic, about the consistency of thick office mucilage, expose it to the sun or dry wind, or both. In a short time it will crack and peel off. If all the gum should not peel off wash it with clean water. If the first application does not have the desired effect it should be applied again.

RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

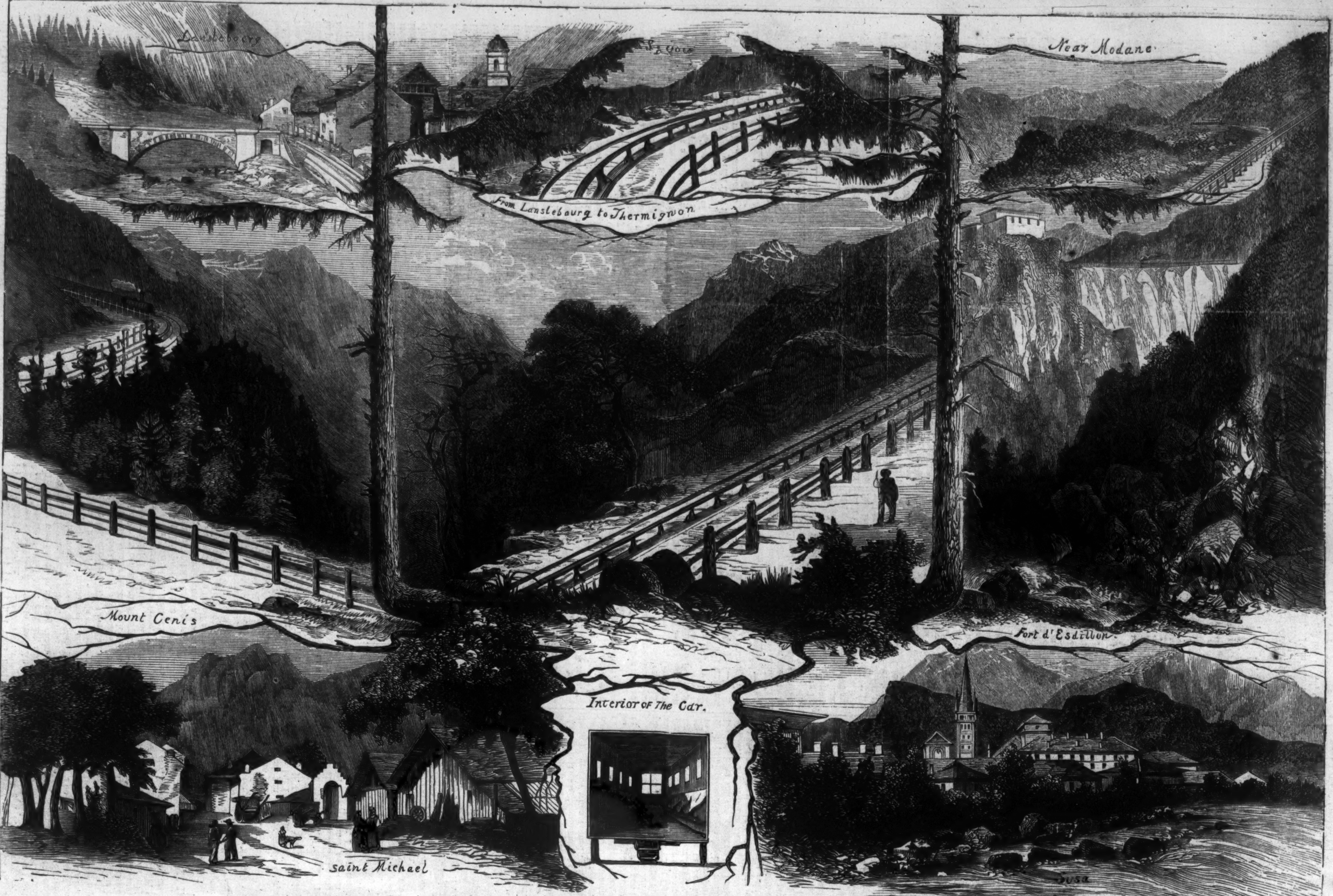
The reception of President Juarez of Mexico, in the capital of that republic, on July 15, marks the beginning of another, and it is hoped a brighter, era for Mexico. On that occasion the restoration of the Republic was pronounced completed; it is hoped and believed that the restoration is a permanent one. President Juarez is one of the best educated Mexicans of the age, and one of the most benign rulers that unfortunate country has had. He has returned to his capital in peace, and it appears that he has the usually discordant political elements under his complete control. Thus far no candidate for the Presidency has appeared in opposition to him; Diaz and Escobedo have apparently given him their earnest support in reorganizing the country, and his re-election, which is probable, will greatly conduce to the thorough settlement of the country.

Our illustration on page 648 shows the Grand Plaza of the City of Mexico on the day of the President's arrival there. The city authorities of Mexico City made extensive preparations for the reception, erecting immense arches, gayly decorating the various public buildings and the streets through which the procession was announced to pass on its way to the palace with thousands of flags, fastened to poles placed on each side of the streets two rods from each other, and extending from the Belem *garita* to the Grand Plaza; tablets bearing the names of the principal cities of the Republic, distinguished men, and also various engagements in which the Liberal armies are said to have been victorious. Cords were run from one pole to another the whole distance, from which were suspended tens of thousands of Chinese lanterns; the balconies of nearly all the private residences were adorned with flowers, curtains, or flags, among which, as usual, conspicuously appeared the "Red, White, and Blue," while troops, dressed in their new uniforms, were drawn up in line on either side of the streets from the palace to the *garita* through which the President was to enter.

At the *Passo de Maximiliano*, outside the city, a stand was erected, and here the procession of citizens met the President. An address of welcome was spoken by the President of the Municipal Commission, a poem dedicated to Juarez was read, the President was *crowned* with a golden crown set with emeralds, and he then made a brief speech. The cavalcade was then put in motion, and advanced to and through the city to the Palace.



SCENE IN THE GRAND PLAZA OF THE CITY OF MEXICO ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT JUAREZ.—[See Page 647.]


Lanslebourg
From Lanslebourg to Thermignon
Near Modane
Mount Cenis
Fort d'Esdillon
Interior of the Car.
Saint Michael
Susa

THE MOUNT CENIS RAILROAD—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT OF THE ALPS.—[See next Page.]

THE MOUNT CENIS RAILROAD.

The civil engineer is certainly the great Djinn of the age; and his works are far more marvelous than those of the imaginary fairies and fiends, goblins and hobgoblins, of the Eastern tales. This nineteenth century is certainly the era of engineering marvels; and it would seem that the feats of this year of A.D. 1867 have been most marvelous of all. This year has witnessed the tapping of the bottom of Lake Michigan and putting a faucet there for the benefit of Chicago; the Sierra Nevadas have been penetrated as an outlet for the gold of the Pacific and the silks of the Island World for the benefit of the New World; and now, for the unity of the Old World, the Alps are being leveled or overcome, and a locomotive has ascended where only adventurous tourist went before!

On the 26th of last August, just about the time that daylight began to shine through the Sierra Nevadas, a locomotive, dragging a train of ten cars with forty passengers, ascended Mount Cenis, and Mr. Fell, the Djinn of the occasion, had the satisfaction of looking contemptuously down on the Graian and Cottian Alps on either hand, and smilingly on the fair land of France behind him and Italy before him, and with something of the air of the good fairy in the tale, or the forgiving father in the play, pronounced them united, and blessed them and bade them prosper in peace and unity, and increase in power and influence and liberty.

The tunnel through Mount Cenis will be eight miles long when completed. Only about a mile a year can be accomplished by the force which can be practically employed; hence it will take six or seven years yet to complete it. In the mean time the French and Italian roads have been temporarily connected by a system of inclined planes by which the ascent and descent of Mount Cenis is accomplished. As the mountain is several thousand feet high—the plateau is 6773 feet above the sea, and the peak rises to the height of 11,454 feet—the grades of the ascent are very heavy, and to overcome them a system had to be invented and adopted. The engineer who invented the system is named Fell, and he is, we believe, an Englishman; but very little is positively known in this country either of him or his peculiar system. Our engravings on page 649 and the following meagre description, which we find in a French paper, may give the reader an idea of the manner in which the ascent is made.

The locomotive used is composed in reality of two machines, each having its boiler, cylinders, and regulator. One of these machines acts by the natural adhesion produced by the weight of the locomotive on the lateral rails, and the other by the supplementary adhesion obtained by the pressure of the oblique and almost horizontal wheels on the central rails. The original feature of the Mount Cenis Railroad is indeed a third rail, placed between the other two, and on a little higher level. The average rate of speed on the occasion of the first ascent was about ten miles an hour, and it is believed that this average can be exceeded. The success of the experiment is an important event in railroad annals. It may now be safely said that there are no mountain barriers which can not be overcome by the locomotive.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book V.

CHAPTER V.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

It was an awkward meeting. Mabel's pride for once did her good service. She would not for the world have betrayed any emotion to the strangers' eyes then fixed upon her. She returned Arthur Skidley's bow with so freezing a salutation that that usually self-satisfied gentleman was quite abashed for a minute or two. To Alfred Trescott she bent her head slightly, but without any marked hauteur. "I have known Mr. Trescott," she said, quietly.

Alfred played his part to perfection. He was silent, unobtrusive, respectful; though whenever he was unobserved he watched Mabel stealthily, like a wild beast in ambush. He listened modestly to the musical critic, who at once began to talk very fluently. All this gentleman's speech was about himself, which circumstance afforded the others breathing-time to collect their thoughts. The critic was flattered. He acknowledged to himself that he seldom found an audience so completely attentive. By-and-by other persons came into the room, and the conversation became general. Captain Skidley had been so frozen by Mabel's bow that he edged away to the other end of the room, and endeavored to get himself thawed under the bright glances of a pretty walking lady who had been playing in the little opening piece. Presently Alfred Trescott seated himself near Mabel and spoke to her. "I was afraid of presenting myself before you to-night," he said, in a low voice; "indeed, I should not have had courage to do so, had not my friend urged me to come. You know you once forbade me ever to appear in your presence again. Have you forgiven me yet, Miss—Bell?"

Mabel's voice betrayed some emotion as she answered, "I am willing to forgive, Mr. Trescott, if you will allow me also to forget."

"I would sooner die than offend you, indeed I would. I was so rejoiced, so proud, to hear of your brilliant success. I *may* say that, may I not? for old acquaintance' sake, and the memory of your kindness to Corda. I was in the theatre last night with Lady Popham. How exquisite it was! You—you did not see *me*, of course?"

If he had thought to lay a trap for her he had miscalculated. The warm blood rushed over her cheeks and brow, but she replied, with the unhesitating truthfulness that was habitual with her, "I did see you. Lady Popham's figure attracted my attention to the box."

"Then," said Alfred, humbly, "I was right. I fancied, I feared, that you purposely left my poor flower to die at your feet. You need not have been so severe, Miss Bell. I threw it among the other bouquets as a tribute to the *artist*. My camellia was meant for Juliet, not for you." It was subtly said.

Mabel felt a pang of mortification and shame. She had placed herself in the position—so painful a one to a modest girl—of having attributed to the passion of a lover a mere act of courtesy. At the same time the seeming candor of his words struck an answering chord in her frank nature. "Juliet thanks you," she said, looking full at him with her clear, innocent eyes.

"If Corda could but know with whom I am speaking now!"

"Dear little Corda! Is she well? Is she in London?"

"Yes; she is here. You know, of course, that your cousin's husband, Signor Bensa, offered to take her as articled pupil? Silly child, she could not bear to leave her father and me; and we, perhaps more silly, let her have her way. If I make any success she shall share it."

"You have not yet appeared in London?"

"Not yet. Lady Popham is trying to make some arrangements for me. I dare say my fate will soon be decided."

Mabel was here called away to go upon the stage. When she next entered the green-room young Trescott was not there; but she saw him once more that evening. It was after the conclusion of the tragedy, as she was going to her room.

"Miss Bell," said Alfred, stopping her, "one word—only one. Would you—may Corda come to see you? It would make her so happy."

Mabel hesitated. He read her thought instantly. "Corda, Corda *alone*," he said, quickly. "*I* should not think of intruding on you; besides, I am really busy and anxious about my début. But the child, it would be such a joy to her to see you. She is very lonely for hours together, poor pussy-cat."

Mabel's heart melted directly. "Oh, let her come," she said. "I shall like to look on her sweet little face again."

"And—pardon me, one instant—your address? They refuse to give it at the stage door, you know."

"Mamma and I are living at Desmond Lodge, Highgate." Then she said "Good-night," and was gone."

"Betty on their way home in the fly retailed all Mrs. Hutchins's gossip to her young mistress. At first the latter was a very inattentive listener, but the mention of Clement's name roused her.

"Mr. Charlewood in London?" she said, with involuntary eagerness.

"Yes, miss, and ever so poor; and he's living by hisself, and going on awful. Any how, that's what that woman said, miss."

"She is a gossiping, untruthful person, Betty. You must take no heed of what she says."

"No more I doesn't, miss. I thought as how she were a lying, for all it comed out so slippy."

A few days later Corda Trescott appeared one morning at Desmond Lodge, Highgate. The maid-servant who answered the bell found the child alone at the gate. She asked timidly for Miss Bell, and was shown into the garden at the back of the house, where Mabel, and her mother, and Dooley were assembled. Mabel was walking up and down with a book in her hand. She was studying Beatrice, which was to be her next part. Corda advanced on to the lawn, and then stood still, too diffident to make her presence known. Mabel, turning in her walk, saw the patient little figure, and ran to welcome her. The child clung to her with a low cry: "Oh, Miss Mabel, I'm so glad!" Then Dooley marched up to them with a wooden spade over his shoulder, and his nose and chin, out of shelter of the brim of his straw-hat, burned chocolate color. He put his small paw into Corda's hand patronizingly.

"'Oo *is* glad to see Tibby, isn't 'oo?" said he, comprehending that Corda's tears were not tears of sorrow.

By-and-by, when Corda had shaken hands with Mrs. Saxelby, and was seated on a garden-chair making a long daisy chain for Dooley, Mabel, observing the little girl closely, was pained to see how thin and pale she was, and how she flushed and trembled at the least word. "You have been growing very fast, Corda," said Mabel; "almost too fast for your strength, I'm afraid. I declare you are as tall as I am."

Corda smiled shyly. "Not quite, am I? But indeed I am very well; only I don't feel extremely strong, you know."

"*I'm* 'trong," observed Dooley, tugging at the garden-chair. "I can tip 'oo yight up."

"Be quiet, Julian. Is that the way you behave to a lady, Sir? And how is the voice, Corda?"

The child's bright hazel eyes filled with tears. "Oh, *I* think it's quite well, thank you, Miss Mabel; but they won't let me sing. Sometimes I do long to sing."

"Why do they not let you sing, dear?"

"Because sometimes it makes me cough a little. Only a very little, though."

Mabel said no more, but she watched Corda anxiously when the child was not observing her. Corda's hat was quite new, and so were her boots, and the little silk mantle that she wore. Her frock was shabby, and considerably too short for her. Mabel's womanly observation taught her that only such articles as could be bought ready-made were fresh and bright, and she drew the conclusion that Corda had been hastily rigged out for the visit.

"Here's something for you to see. An invitation, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, suddenly. That lady was seated in an easy-chair under a tree on the lawn opening letters. One of the first results of the young actress's sudden leap into notoriety had been to make her a mark for the pursuit of a host of odd people whose existence she had never dreamed of. Lion hunters, begging-letter writers, anonymous critics, enthusiastic admirers, saintly persons with an irrepressible desire for her conversion, enterprising tradesmen, unappreciated authors, and stage-struck aspirants thirsting for public favor. The pile of letters left for Miss M. A. Bell at the stage door of the Royal Thespian Theatre were bewildering in their number and the heterogeneous character of their contents: and after a few trials Mabel found that she must give up all attempt to read and reply to them all. It became Mrs. Saxelby's daily employment to open and sift this mass of correspondence, reserving for Mabel's perusal only such grains of wheat as were discoverable in the heaps of worthless chaff.

"An invitation, Mabel. And such a singular little note! I can scarcely decipher it."

Mrs. Saxelby handed to her daughter a tinted envelope of the newest pattern and fashion, sealed with an enormous coat of arms. The envelope contained a formal card of invitation to a conversazione at Lady Popham's house, and a note in her ladyship's queer cramped characters. "There is a card for me also," said Mrs. Saxelby.

Mabel read the note with some difficulty. It ran thus:

> "My dear Miss Bell,—I hope you will dispense with my presenting compliments, or any thing of that sort, because really, after witnessing your most exquisite performance of Juliet the other night, it is quite impossible for me to bridle my enthusiasm sufficiently to third-person you. Enchanting! Quite enchanting! Such a finish, such a grace! I had the pleasure of witnessing your début at Kilclare, and take some credit to myself for discovering *then* that a new planet had swam into the ken of play-goers. Now *will* you come to me on Thursday after the play? You sha'n't be lionized (more than a charming girl must be prepared to endure every where), because almost every body else will be a lion too. I have an assembly of artists and authors, and clever people of all kinds, who honor my house every Thursday evening. I know I ought to have called on Mrs. Saxelby, and would have done so, but your Cerberus at the stage door wouldn't give me your address, so I send this to the theatre. I shall positively await your reply with *trembling* anxiety. With my sincerest admiration, believe me to be, my dear Miss Bell,
>
> "Your faithful servant,
>
> "Laura Popham."

Mabel had read thus far with a resolve to decline the invitation. Her mother looked over at her wistfully. "What do you think, love?" she asked.

The answer was on Mabel's lips, when she perceived that on the fourth side of the sheet of paper there was a postscript. "I hold out as a *bait* the fact that my god-daughter, Geraldine O'Brien, will be in town and at my house on Thursday. She has just come home from foreign parts.—L. P."

"Well, Mabel?" said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Dear mamma, to tell the truth, I was just about to say 'No' very decisively. But—"

"Why 'no,' Mabel? Why 'no very decisively?'"

"I said there was a 'but,' mamma. We will discuss it by-and-by. What do *you* think?"

Mrs. Saxelby wished to go, and wished to be persuaded to do as she liked. Nothing ruffled Mrs. Saxelby's smooth temper more than having to make it apparent that she was following her own good-will and pleasure in trifling matters. There was no set purpose of deceit in this, either. She would acknowledge having enjoyed such and such things, but could rarely be induced to confess beforehand that she desired them. "We will speak of it by-and-by, as you say," she replied, plaintively. "I will do as you wish, my dear child, but I don't know how my throat may be by Thursday."

Corda spent a day of seemingly unalloyed enjoyment. Dooley had imbibed the notion that she was delicate and must be cared for; and he displayed his manliness and gallantry in various well-meant attentions, which, however, were occasionally of an embarrassing nature. For example, he insisted on carving her meat for her at dinner, as was done for himself when he was sick. He hacked the roast mutton with his little blunt silver knife, and heaped the salt in an avalanche on the side of her plate.

"'Oo must have some *pork* wine," pronounced Dooley, magisterially. "*I* had pork wine when I was ill. Tibby gave it me in a 'poon. It's nasty. 'Oo *must* have some."

Then he brought the kitten up stairs for his guest to see, and conscientiously explained to her why, though he liked that pussy-kitten, he could not regard her with the same affection that he had bestowed on the old one at Hazlehurst.

"Yes, Dooley, dear," said Corda, gently stroking the little animal that purred aloud in the enjoyment of her soft touch. "Yes; I think *I* should love the 'sorry one' best, too."

When the time drew near for Mabel to go to the theatre, she asked Corda if she should set her down any where, or how she should send her home. "Oh no, thank you," replied the child. "We live a long way off, across Blackfriars Bridge. Papa will call for me at six o'clock."

"Who brought you here, my dear?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

Corda blushed scarlet. "I promised not to tell, ma'am."

"Not to tell? How extraordinary!"

"It was a very kind person indeed; but he made me *promise* not to tell. I don't know why. But I did promise, so I ought not to tell, ought I?"

Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel of course refrained from any further question on the subject, though the former was very curious about it. Mabel had her own solution of the mystery. She guessed that Alfred had brought his sister to Highgate himself, and had put this prohibition on the child in order to avoid even the suspicion of wishing to force himself on Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter. The supposition placed him in a favorable light, and softened Mabel's heart toward him more than she had once thought possible.

Mr. Trescott came punctually to claim his little girl. He waited in the hall, and declined to come in, as he was pressed for time, and must be in the orchestra of the theatre at which he was engaged before seven. Corda said "farewell" with shy, heart-felt thanks, expressed and understood.

"You must come again and play with Dooley, my dear," said Mrs. Saxelby.

"An' I will wheel 'oo yound de garden in my barrow!" shouted that young gentleman. The barrow in question was about a foot long; but Dooley spoke in perfect good faith.

"You must come and stay a week with us, Corda," said Mabel. "The fresh air and the flowers will do you good."

"Oh, thank you so very much, dear, darling Miss Mabel; but I can't do that."

"Can't do it, Corda? You like being here, and you have plenty of time."

"It is like heaven here, I think," returned the child. "It would be beautiful; but I can't, indeed. I must stay as much as I can with—*them*. Perhaps, you know, I may not have so *very* much time after all."

When Corda was gone Mrs. Saxelby returned to the subject of Lady Popham's note. "Do as you please, Mabel. I will make any effort you wish, only decide." To decide was the one effort Mrs. Saxelby could not make.

"You would have no objection to accept the invitation, mamma?"

"I, my darling? Even if I had—but I have not—for *your* sake I would accept it willingly. Don't mind *me*."

"Then, mamma," said Mabel, abruptly, "we will go."

CHAPTER VI.

MISS O'BRIEN MAKES AN ODIOUS COMPARISON.

There was a strange "combination" in the musical world, said Lady Popham, against Alfred Trescott. There had been from time to time several such "combinations" to quench the flame of genius when fanned by her ladyship's jeweled hands. It was very singular. "Almost," said Lady Popham, in moments when cloud predominated in her April skies, "almost as though one were pursued by a Destiny. Like Œdipus, and those kind of people, you know."

Lady Popham had "lain in the lilies, and fed on the roses of life," and I think she found some satisfaction in this idea of a stern Destiny that pursued her. A stern Destiny that was not too stern; that did not make her hungry, nor ragged, nor mad, nor drunken; neither moved her to commit murder or forgery; nor even took the shape of kleptomania, causing her to hanker unlawfully after silk stockings on her hosier's shop-counter. But a polite Destiny, admissible into the best society, that just gave a little artistic relief, and prevented her life from being a mere Chinese picture, without any shadows at all.

She had invited all the most competent critics of music to her house to hear Alfred play. She had fêted these people, and courted them, and flattered them, but without avail. Some of them were soft, and some were stern in manner; but in the main they agreed in their verdict upon the young man's playing. Great charm, wonderful tone, sweetness, purity, and admirable intonation, but—it wouldn't quite do.

"Why not?" insisted my lady. "Why, why, *why* not?"

Well, Mr. Trescott had better have another year's first-rate teaching, and, above all, another year's *hard work*. There was unsteadiness in his passage playing, occasional want of breadth and finish in the style. It was very good. At times admirable. But, upon the whole, not exactly up to the mark for one aspiring to the position of a first-rate solo player. Lady Popham must be aware that the standard was now a very high one. His competitors would be men of European fame, who had devoted their lives to their art. Mr. Trescott had natural abilities and gifts of an exceptionally high order. He might do any thing, *if*—etc., etc., etc.

All this annoyed Lady Popham mightily. It annoyed her for two reasons. Firstly, because, being in her butterfly way a kindly, generous, compassionate old woman, she felt for the mortification thus inflicted on her protégé. Secondly, it annoyed her because the chief vanity and ambition of her life was to be reckoned a high and competent judge of art and artists. She had never before met with this stiff-necked and open opposition to her own expressed opinion. Her old friend, the Neapolitan Maestro di Capella (who was so valuable and confidential an ally of hers in her favorite pursuit that he might with justice have described himself on his professional cards as "Purveyor of Geniuses, by appointment, to Lady Popham"), would never have thought of contradicting her in this way. And *he* was a clever musician, and a learned, and a profound, and, above all, an Italian; which was in itself a diploma of connoisseurship. Old Altalena always pronounced miladi's taste perfect. And she supposed *he* had a professional reputation to maintain as well as these Messieurs Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

Lady Popham had never seen Altalena wrinkling up his well-shaped snuffy old nose behind her back, in contemptuous amusement at her ignorance. And as to professional reputation—why, all the virtuosi in Naples knew that miladi was an English woman; and what artist could be said to risk his professional reputation by merely encouraging a baby's admiring delight in its penny whistle?

But what was merely an annoyance to Lady Popham was to Alfred Trescott a serious misfortune. His prospects of fame and money seemed to fly before him like the mirage. It was characteristic of this young man, that while his practical knowledge and artistic instinct confessed the justice of the critics' adverse verdict, he hated them for pronouncing it, as bitterly as though they had conspired to malign him. He grew gloomy and discontented, and betrayed that he was so, in his manner. Alfred's was essentially a nature in which "familiarity breeds contempt." And when once he had become habituated to the manifestations of luxury and wealth which surrounded his patroness, and which at first had kept his insolence somewhat in check, he began to show glimpses of the native ferocity of his temper even to her. During all the time that they had been in London Lady Popham's purse had supplied Mr. Alfred Trescott very liberally with money for his weekly expenses. He had no money of his own, and his father's poor earnings barely sufficed to feed and clothe himself and Corda. Alfred had accepted all these benefits from Lady Popham as loans to be repaid when the golden opportunity should arrive of dazzling the world with his talents, and receiving solid coin of the realm in exchange for them. He had artfully contrived to convince Lady Popham that she had unsettled his life, torn him from the enjoyment of a modest competence earned by his own industry, and beguiled him with ambitious dreams, the onus of fulfilling which now rested with her. She began to be afraid of Alfred Trescott—afraid of what he might say to her. Frivolous and superficial as she was, she began to know that there were dark places in Alfred's character which she shrank from exploring. He had already dropped one or two hints that substantially amounted to a threat of what he might be driven to do if he found things going badly against him. The poor old woman was quite unhappy about him at times, and cast about in her mind for some means of permanently benefiting him, and frustrating the "combination" that opposed his success. She had hitherto found that the most efficacious temporary panacea for his ills was a bank-note. Up to a certain point this was a remedy easy to administer. But then it *was* but temporary. Alfred would—metaphorically—gulp down his bank-note in the morning, and appear again in the evening gloomy and misanthropic, as became an unappreciated genius. Besides the uncertainty attending his débût there were other circumstances contributing to embitter him. Mabel was as far removed from his pursuit as ever, and Clement Charlewood was dwelling in the same town with her. Alfred's resentment and desire for vengeance, on the score of Clement's disparaging mention of him to Lady Popham, had by no means cooled. If he had been brilliantly successful—if he had taken the town by storm, and leaped into notoriety—he would still have hated Clement Charlewood, and would have desired to injure him. But the desire would have been dulled a little, and put out of sight to await a favorable opportunity of satisfaction. Now, however, all the mortification and checks that his vanity and egotism were suffering served as fuel to the fire of his evil passions. In this posture of his affairs he persuaded Lady Popham to invite Mabel and her mother to one of her weekly assemblies. His motive in doing so was by no means a single-minded desire to pass some hours in Mabel's presence. His feeling for her—though he still professed himself "in love" with her—was by this time very close on the border-land of hatred. But at least it was very far removed from indifference. He wanted to have her *within his reach;* whether to avenge himself for her repulse of his proffered love, or to fall at her feet in a paroxysm of devotion, was not quite clear even to himself.

Lady Popham's weekly conversazione was always very crowded. There was wont to be a large proportion of second-rate lions in her assemblies, and a sprinkling of third-rate ones also. But these lesser animals contributed a liberal share to the evening's entertainment, lifting up their voices in a way that seemed by contrast to make the big lions "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." My lady's eccentric pursuit of genius, and her not very solid judgment in art matters, combined to fill her saloons with a crowd from the ranks of the unappreciated: a numerous body, it would appear. But some celebrities, with whom the world had dealt kindly, were to be found there too.

Mabel and her mother arrived at Lady Popham's mansion soon after eleven o'clock on the Thursday evening fixed upon, and found the spacious rooms brilliantly lighted and filled with a heterogeneous crowd. As their names were announced, my lady sprang from her chair and hurried to the door to meet them. Mrs. Saxelby had never seen Lady Popham, and although Mabel had warned her to expect something eccentric, she almost started with astonishment at the first sight of their hostess. The little woman wore a long train of rich blue satin covered with fine old lace. Jewels glistened on her withered throat, in her ears, and on her arms. She had a round patch of rouge exactly in the centre of each cheek. Her eyebrows were thickly blackened, her wig dressed into a luxuriant mass of curls, and on the top of it she wore a delicate, fragile, dew-besprinkled wreath of wild flowers and ferns. It was the airiest, lightest, most graceful thing in the world, just adapted for a very young and lovely girl, with whose fresh beauty it would have harmonized admirably. Nodding and trembling as it did on Lady Popham's head when she came forward with quick mincing step and extravagant gestures, it rather suggested associations with Bedlam. But Lady Popham could assume a very winning manner when she chose, despite her absurdities. And she bestowed so gracious a welcome on Mrs. Saxelby as to put that lady at her ease immediately.

"Arthur, give Mrs. Saxelby your arm, and take her to my sofa in the little drawing-room."

Captain Skidley advanced somewhat timidly. Bashfulness was not usually his most marked defect, but he had not forgotten Mabel's bow. However, on seeing the gentle, lady-like widow, looking very fair and pretty in her dove-colored silk dress, his spirits rose again, and he conducted her to the sofa with much gallantry. He even remained by her side talking to her for some time, and as she listened with seemingly absorbed attention to every thing he said, and looked very sweetly at him out of her soft blue eyes, the Honorable Arthur Skidley was afterward heard to declare that you might say what you liked about Miss Bell, or whatever her name was, but that, in his deliberate judgment, she wasn't a patch upon her mother.

Lady Popham drew Mabel's arm through her own, and made the tour of the rooms with her.

"Are you tired?" she asked, at length. "You are very pale. So good of you to be here. Come into my little drawing-room: Mrs. Saxelby is there. I have a special sofa there off which bores are warned more or less civilly. I retain a body-guard of lads for that service. They find it amusing. The average boyish intellect is not of a high order, I find."

So chatting, she made her way to the special sofa, where Mrs. Saxelby was already installed. As Mabel was about to seat herself a young lady pressed forward through the throng and took her hand. "Dear Miss Earnshaw," she said; "welcome!" It was Geraldine O'Brien. The two girls interchanged a few cordial words in a low voice. "I want to talk to you comfortably," said Miss O'Brien. "Can't we get out of this mob for five minutes? There is a quiet nook in the conservatory behind the hall; will you come with me?"

Mabel glanced at Lady Popham, but that lady was occupied with a new arrival—a poet who dated the decline of English poetry from Chaucer, and was anxious to found a school for the revival of the golden days of literature. He had written some very pretty things, and had had them printed in black letter. He had brought with him a copy of his latest production to present to Lady Popham, who inspected it through her eye-glass. "Charming!" she murmured. "I can't make out a word of it. How quaint!"

"You would soon read it with a very little practice," said the poet. "As a mere question of beauty it is vastly superior to our square, angular type."

"What's this word?" asked my lady. "Chancery?"

"Oh no, not Chancery, certainly! By no means. It is—let me—see, 'chauntynge.' Chanting—singing, you know."

"To be sure! Chauntynge! *Very* quaint."

Seeing the old lady thus occupied, Mabel ventured to glide away with Miss O'Brien. But they had not gone many steps before Lady Popham's shrill voice called to them to stop. "Where are you going, you two?" she screamed. "Now, Geraldine, that's *your* doing. Méchante! Why are you picking my pocket of Miss Bell in that manner?"

"Godmamma, I don't want to steal her; only to *borrow* her for five minutes. May I not?"

"Umph! It's uncommonly bad manners, but I suppose you may. Bring her back punctually, scioccherella!"

The two girls walked away together. They descended the stairs and entered a little conservatory opening from the hall. It was full of perfume and color, though the latter was subdued by the faint light of a single alabaster lamp that hung in the doorway.

"I was so glad to hear of your coming here," said Geraldine.

"I dare say you were surprised too, Miss O'Brien. But I hope you will not think me guilty of any disrespect to Lady Popham, when I tell you that my great—nay, my only—inducement to come was the prospect of seeing you."

"Was it, indeed? And I wished to see you so much! And to say a word about our friends the Charlewoods."

It was the very subject on which Mabel had desired to speak. She had been debating in her own mind how she should introduce the topic, and Geraldine broached it thus simply, and at once.

"Oh, Miss O'Brien," said Mabel, "are they in London? Are they doing well? I heard, by an odd accident, something of Mr. Clement Charlewood. But he was said to be quite alone, and in great poverty. You, of course, have heard all particulars respecting the family while you were abroad with Augusta."

"Augusta! Don't talk to me of Augusta! She is the most cold-hearted, selfish— Well, perhaps it does not become me to speak of it, but her indifference to her family disgusts me. It was a very long time before I could prevail on her to let me know their address in London. I do not think she would have given it to me at all but for her husband. Malachi at last laid positive commands on her; and then she apologized for the vulgar neighborhood in which they were living! Is it not incredible?"

"Then they are *all* in London?"

"Oh yes; all of them. I went to see Mrs. Charlewood directly I got to town. There were only she and Penelope at home. Both looked worn, but Penny especially so. She was pale and very thin, but as full of courage and energy as ever."

"Are they—is Mr. Charlewood likely to do well in his new engagement?"

"He? There can be no doubt of his doing well any where, I should say. But there is trouble about that wretched boy Walter. His poor mother confided the whole story to me when Penny was out of the room, engaged in some household duties. Walter is clerk in a West-End bank. His employers have been for some time dissatisfied with his carelessness; but the other day there was a serious inquiry into some of his accounts. A sum of money could not be accounted for. It was not a large sum, but—"

"Good Heavens! You do not mean that they suspected his honesty?"

"I can not say that, exactly. Mrs. Charlewood did not tell her story very clearly; and she was crying very much, poor soul! But the matter ended in Mr. M'Culloch being spoken to. He is the head of the building firm that employs Clement, and had given some kind of guarantee to these banking people for Walter. Clement managed to persuade him that his brother had been merely guilty of inaccuracy. The money was forthcoming, Walter was sharply admonished, and the affair blew over. But Mrs. Charlewood said they had lived in constant dread and anxiety ever since."

As Miss O'Brien spoke the idea dawned on Mabel's mind that her manner and language were not those of a girl who had once been Clement Charlewood's affianced wife. Could it be that she should be on such terms of unembarrassed friendship with the whole family if she had broken an engagement of marriage with Clement on the score of his ruin and poverty? While she was so thinking, Geraldine said, abruptly, "I *wonder* what the truth was about that money!"

"About the money?"

"The money that was missing at the bank. I have a private theory of my own about the matter, that I can't help believing to be the true one."

Mabel turned pale, and looked at her inquiringly.

"My theory," pursued Geraldine, in a low voice, "is that Walter took the money for some temporary need, intending to return it; that he was unable to do so; that Clement suspected the truth, and, at the cost of a hard struggle and sacrifice, himself replaced— What's that?"

"What?"

"A rustling noise among the flowers there by the door. Did you not hear it?"

They listened. All was still until the opening of a door up stairs let forth a gust of sound—voices talking and laughing, and the crisp notes of a piano-forte.

"Come," said Geraldine, "I shall be scolded for having detained you so long. I return to Ireland at the end of this month. I may come and see you before I go away, may I not?"

As the two girls left the conservatory and advanced to the staircase they found Alfred Trescott on the lowest step, having apparently just descended. He bowed, and stood aside in silence to make way for them. Mabel, mindful of Corda's visit, spoke to him.

"We were so glad to have your sister, Mr. Trescott," she said. "You must let her come again soon."

Then the ladies passed up the stairs. Geraldine pressed Mabel's arm to her side impulsively.

"Forgive me," she whispered, "for speaking of it, but I can not refrain from saying how rejoiced I was to hear that you were not engaged to that young man."

"*I* engaged to him? What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"No, no; godmamma said that you had refused him. She was a little angry at first, but I suppose he has talked her over."

"It is due to him, Miss O'Brien, to say (since you have heard so much) that Mr. Trescott has behaved well since—since making that unfortunate mistake. I believe he now regrets it as much as I."

"That's well," replied Geraldine. "But yet—don't trust him, don't believe in him, don't be off your guard with him. I can not tell you why, but I have a shrinking horror of him. Did you ever *catch a snake's eye?* I did once. Don't laugh. I am perfectly serious. It was in some exhibition or other that I saw the brute coiled up quite motionless in a glass cage. The people with me were lost in admiration. It was a richly-marked reptile, covered with bright waves and bands of color, with lines of fine black tracery running through them. My friends were holding forth on the beauty of its speckled skin. *My* attention was caught and bound fast by the creature's glittering eyes that were fixed upon me. Cold, bright, venomous, cruel. There was such a pitiless wickedness in their fixed gaze that I understood for the first time the stories of little birds giving up all hope and fluttering helplessly into the jaws of a serpent. Ugh! I was cold with horror. Well—I never look at Alfred Trescott's beautiful eyes without a sensation of *dread.* They are so exactly like that snake's!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Move On."—Policemen make capital mimics—they are so very clever at taking people off!

About the year 1685 the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a resolution that "no member thereof should come to the House *barefoot, or eat his bread and cheese on the steps.*"

One for the Topers.—A Drunkard's face has been described as "a cluster of carbuncles, with a ruby scenter."

"Dr. W—— on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after at a social gathering, took up their baby, and exclaimed:

"I believe I have a mortgage on this child!"

Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a V.

A Limited Circle.—When the celebrated Lord Castlereagh was stopping once to change horses at some very poverty-stricken post-station in Ireland, his carriage was surrounded by beggars, who implored him in all the eager accents of native entreaty for charity. Taking no notice of their appeals, he sat cold and unmoved till the horses were ready to start, when a very miserable-looking fellow approached the carriage and said, in a voice of persuasive entreaty, "One sixpence, my lord—only one little sixpence, and it will treat *all* your friends in Ireland!"

A Man of Low Extraction—A cheap dentist.

A great big salmon-colored lady, of the African persuasion, weighing something less than a ton and a half, dressed "to kill," and a "hornet's nest" sticking out upon the back of her head, was waddling along the streets of a Southern city. She was "observed of all observers." A young lady whose back hair was pulled so very tight that she looked as if she was walking on her toes, and as if she had been driven too far into her short dress with a sledge hammer, stopped to view the "cullud lady" with a critic's eye, not to "pass her imperfections by." Both stopped and grinned at each other a moment, when the "lady in black" struck a theatrical attitude, and said: "Law me, Miss, you needn't be standin' dar grinnin' at me, kase the Lord knows you'se a bigger curiosity to look at than I is." They parted in peace.

Legal.—Talent alone avails our lawyers, and an humble origin is no *bar* to the bench!

A farmer's boy advertises in a Kentucky paper for a wife. He says:

"He wants to know if she can milk,
 And make his bread and butter,
And go to meeting without silk,
 To make a show and splutter;
He'd like to know if it would hurt
 Her hands to take up stitches,
Or sew the buttons on his shirt,
 Or make a pair of breeches."

A Shocking Thing to think of!—A galvanic battery.

Some people can not take a joke even if it is thrown at them. A very good story is told in connection with Mr. Griswold, a humorous writer and lecturer, who is known under the *nom de plume* of "The Fat Contributor." In the course of a burlesque lecture on the discovery of America, he said: "Columbus, after thinking of the matter for an hour by the town clock, turned off the gas, and went to bed." After the lecture, a man gravely remarked, "Mr. Griswold, I liked your lecture very much; but you made a mistake in saying Columbus turned off the gas. America was discovered in 1492, and they didn't know any thing about gas until long after that. I guess they used petroleum in those days."

"Very good," laughed Griswold, "very good, indeed; I owe you for a hint. I'll work that in some time."

"It's no joke, Mr. Griswold," returned the man; "I can show you your mistake in a history, if you'll walk over to my house."

For the first time the lecturer perceived his companion was really in earnest, and half an hour was required to explain that the whole lecture was a burlesque.

"Ah, yes," was the response, "I see now; but why didn't you say so, my friend?"

The Rev. Dr. P——, visiting a country clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over, Dr. P—— asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed the conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity,* for which he would have substituted *happiness.* Dr. P—— contended that one word was as plain as the other; and, to prove it, proposed calling the plowman, and putting it to him, which was done.

"Well, Robin, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity?*"

"Ees, Sir," said Robin, scratching his head, and endeavoring to look wise, "ees, I thinks as how I does."

"Well, Robin, speak up."

"Wy, Sir, I doesn't disactly, but I thinks it's some'at inside of a pig."

An inebriated correspondent wishes to know if young ladies who like to see their own reflections in the mirror are properly described as being "a little too fond of their glass?"

"Papa," said a bright-eyed little girl one day, "I believe mamma loves you better'n she does me." Papa held doubts on that subject, but concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing her father's silence as unfavorable to her side. "Well," said she at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest, and *it takes more* to love you."

Striking.—The only men whom strikes benefit—Clockmakers.

An exquisite at Saratoga had a diamond pin of great magnifying power, and seeing a man with a large diamond said to him, "That's a nice diamond." "Yes." "A first-rate stone." "Yes." "Now, I s'pose that stone must be worth fifteen hundred dollars, but then *I'm no epicure!*"

Why is a king who can't talk like his dominions?—Because he is a *king dumb.*

Punch reports the speech of an Irish M.P. who thought Ireland was overtaxed. "Take a tenth of our income, Sir? Ay, they do, and they'd take a twentieth, if they dared."

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief."

A cross old bachelor says: "The reason why women do not cut themselves in two by tight lacing is because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard they can not affect it."

Is "chaff" the more reprehensible in old or in young people?—In young people, certainly; because, although it's bad-in-age, it's most unquestionably worse in youth!

From the East.—The Sultan has had his first ride behind his new locomotive, inaugurating a new line of policy in conservative Islam. The Turkish ladies are also about to adopt Parisian fashions, and, in this age of steam, are going to take to long trains.

When is it difficult to get one's watch out of one's pocket?—When it's (s)ticking there.

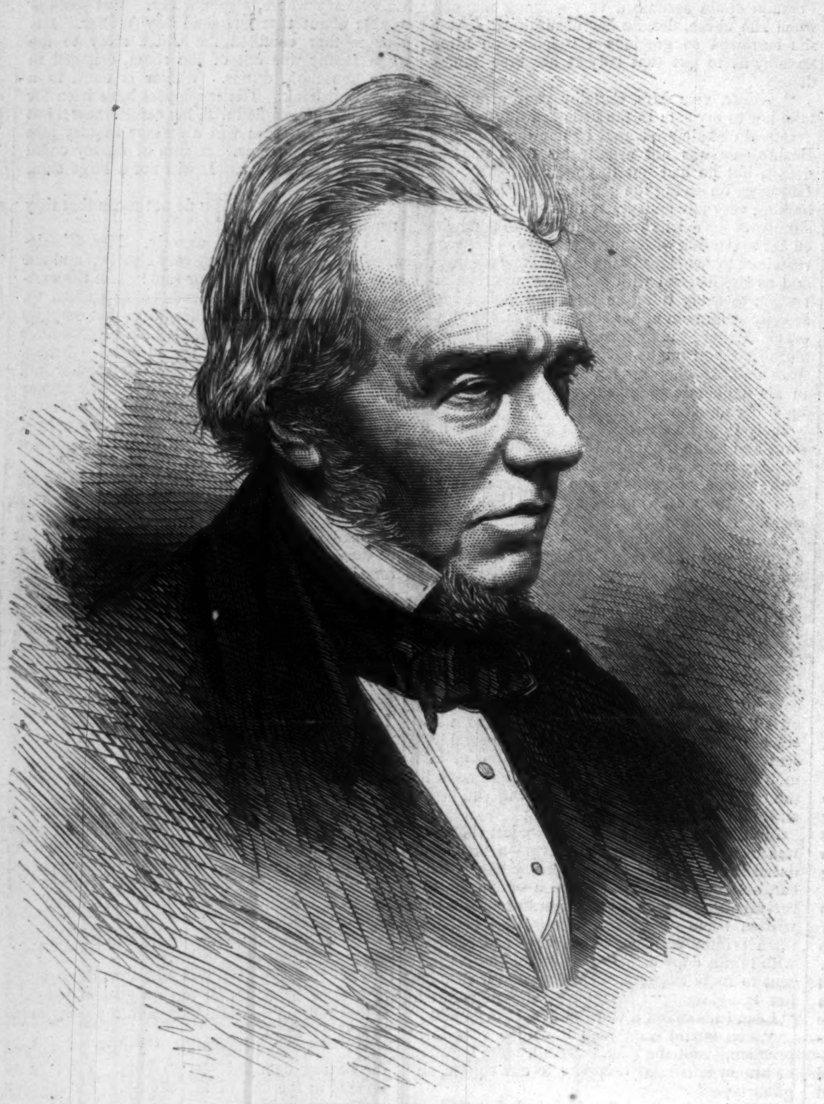
"May I have a word in private?" inquired a respectable-looking man of a Bostonian warden at the close of a recent election-day. "Certainly, Sir," was the reply; "happy to accommodate you." "May I ask you who keeps open house over this election?" He was informed that the station-house would probably be open all night, but if he wanted oysters and Champagne he would be obliged to pay for them.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

MICHAEL FARADAY, the eminent chemist, whose portrait we give on this page, died on August 25. In him Europe has lost one of the men who have most promoted its civilization—a man whose sole aim in life was the pursuit of truth; who, in the most difficult, the most abstruse, the most laborious questionings of nature, such as strain to their utmost tension all the powers of the brain and all the energies of the physical constitution, sought for no other reward than the right understanding of the works of nature; than the true interpretation of those immutable laws of force which make the deepest mysteries of nature intelligible to the thinking mind, and which, by substituting distinct facts for vague apprehensions, gradually relieve humanity from the errors of superstition, with its necessary accompaniments of fear and cruelty. It was the sustaining hope of FARADAY'S soul to bring light into dark places.

In 1812, when nineteen years of age, FARADAY was presented with a ticket to attend Sir HUMPHREY DAVY'S chemical lectures at the British Royal Institution. He took full notes of the lectures, and, panting to be emancipated from his almost mechanical occupation as a bookbinder, and to be enlisted in the service of science, he ventured to send his notes to Sir HUMPHREY, and to explain to him his views and wishes. The way thus opened led to the gradual fulfillment of all the young student's aspirations. In 1813 FARADAY was appointed DAVY'S assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, with which his name has ever since been identified. In 1821 he made the discovery of the reciprocal relations of electricity and magnetism, which may be taken as the commencement of the long-continued researches in electricity which have made that science what it is, and have perhaps most largely contributed to FARADAY'S scientific reputation.

In 1823 came his admission, as corresponding member, to the French Academy of Sciences, and in 1825 his election as Fellow of the Royal Society. The "Chemical Manipulation" was published in 1827—a book of the utmost value to those engaged in chemical experiments, and from which the most practiced might have learned as well as the youngest beginner. His methods of experimenting were always beautiful and simple, and his resources boundless, while, at the same time, he indulged little in the luxury of expensive apparatus, and the damage done by breakage of glass in his laboratory was incredibly small. His handling was as careful and delicate as the conception and general management of his experiment were far-sighted and original. The result of his chemical discoveries were announced from time to time in a series of papers with consecutively-numbered paragraphs, which commenced in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1831, and which were collected and republished in three volumes, appearing respectively in 1839, in 1844, and in 1855.



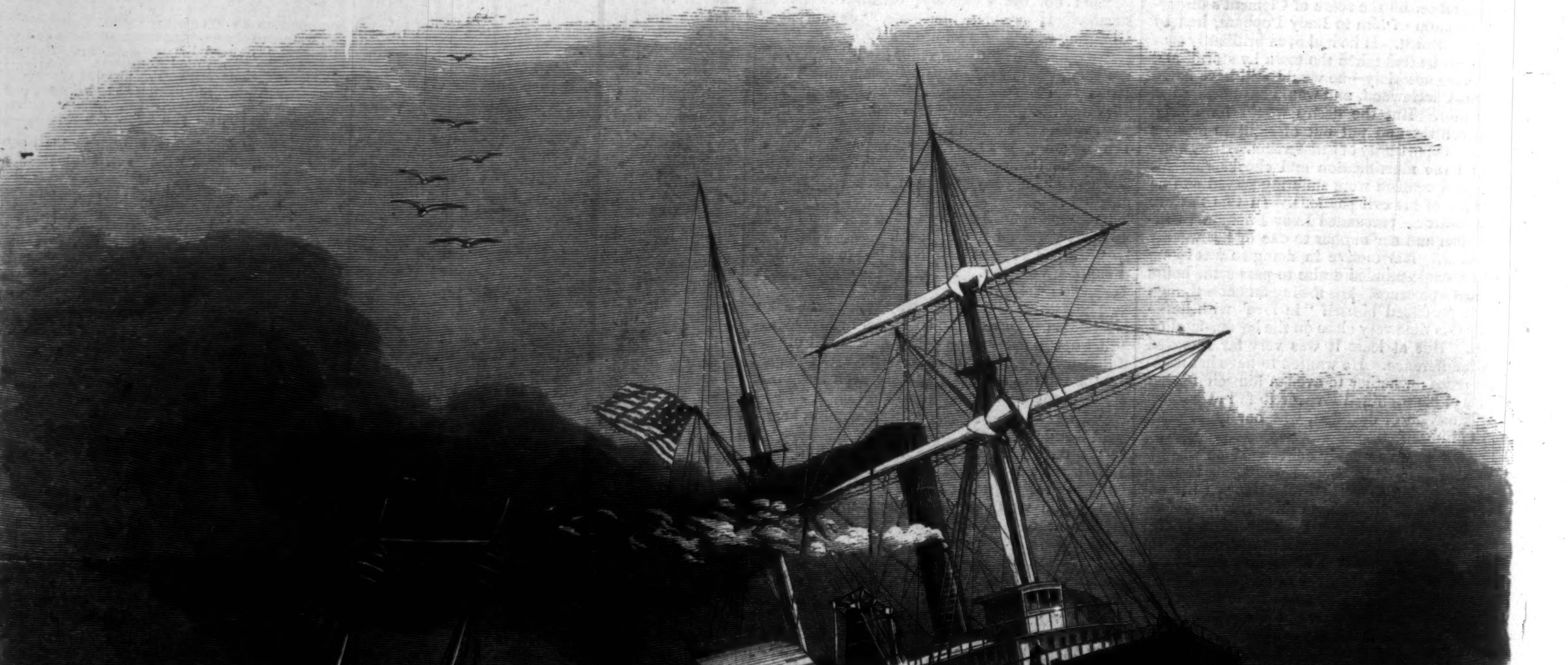
THE LATE MICHAEL FARADAY.

NEWS FOR THE LIGHT-SHIP.

IN the "good old times" before the cable was laid the frequently occurring scene which we illustrate on this page, showing a passing steamer delivering newspapers to a Light-ship, was one which interested and concerned almost every body. The picture illustrates one of the means by which the country got its news in advance of a steamer's arrival. In the old times, for instance, a vessel passing Sandy Hook look-out on its way to New York would deliver a file of its latest papers, and the news agent at Sandy Hook would telegraph the points of the news therein contained, so that not only was the coming of the ship announced before she had reached port, but the more important facts of the news which she brought were published throughout the country. Instances are on record where a vessel has given its news to the Sandy Hook Light-ship and before she has been moored at her dock, not only was Wall Street convulsed by her intelligence, but New Orleans and San Francisco have been reading it. Since the laying of the cable the glory of the steamships have, in this respect, departed; their news is anticipated, and the courtesy of delivering the papers to Light-ships is one which concerns only the keepers thereof. But as any thing unusual is a relief to the monotony of a sea voyage this courtesy is one which is frequently practiced.

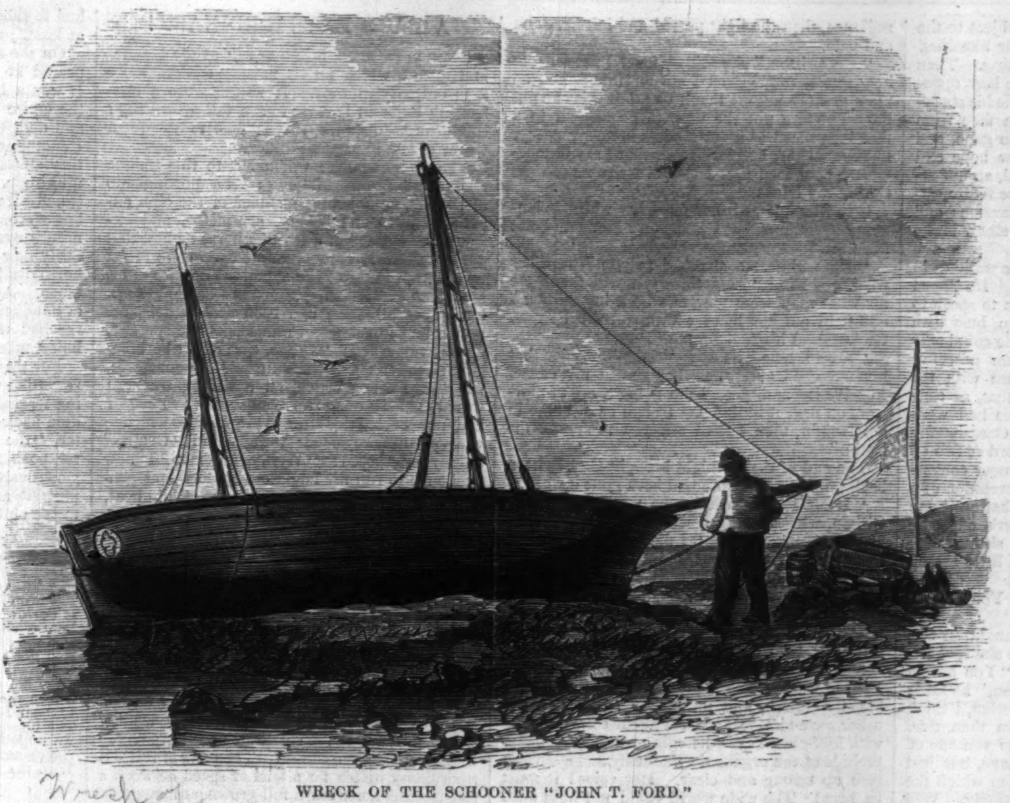
WRECK OF THE "JOHN T. FORD."

WE have already given a full account of the disastrous voyage of the four American seamen who undertook to cross the Atlantic in a small boat, called the *John T. Ford*, which capsized in the open sea on the 19th of August, with the loss of three lives, the sole survivor being afterward picked up and brought into the port of London. We give on page 653 a view of the wreck of the little vessel, which went ashore on the Wexford coast of Ireland. It appears by the latest accounts that the *Ford* was capsized once before her final disaster, but immediately righted again. She lost all her oil, however, which was necessary for the light at her compass, and the crew suffered much from cramp and the loss of water. The hands then cut up the boards that secured the ballast and the internal fittings, in order to burn and obtain a light for the compass. Heavy gales from the S.W. to E.N.E. were experienced, with a cross sea, and on Monday, the 19th of August, she bore up for Cork, when, about 10.30



"NEWS FOR THE LIGHT-SHIP"—A PASSING STEAMER DELIVERING PAPERS TO A LIGHT-SHIP.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

P.M., a terrific sea struck the boat and turned her over, and, the ballast boards being gone, the ballast shifted and was thrown into the water, and the boat kept turning over as the four persons endeavored to get on her, until the lad got entangled between the rigging and the mast, when she was kept steady. The men were upon the boat until noon of the following day, though frequently washed off by the seas. Ultimately, however, the mate **SHERING**, the lad **MURPHY**, and Captain **GOULD**, one after another, were washed off the bottom of the boat and drowned. **ARMSTRONG** alone remained on her until 4 A.M. of the 23d, when the ship *Aerolite*, Captain **ALLEYNE**, of Liverpool, discerned the shreds of canvas flying from the oar which he was enabled to raise, and bore down to him. In a very exhausted condition, and almost insensible, he was taken off the bottom of the boat and got on board the *Aerolite*, where he received every kindness. On the following day he was transferred on board the *Mary Blake*, from Antigua, which brought him on to London. He was then taken care of by the American Consul, and has been well attended to at the Sailors' Home in London.



Wreck of

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "JOHN T. FORD."

A VOICE THAT CHARMED.

SINCE his father's death Guy Britton, with his old housekeeper, had lived alone at the Elms. A naturally retiring disposition had combined with the circumstances of his early training to make him avoid society; and although still young, he seemed to the villagers already middle-aged. A less healthful nature might have preyed upon itself, growing morbid and morose with solitude, but Britton's mind and hand were alike too busy to droop for lack of exercise. Indoors he had his books for company; outside there were his farm-laborers to be directed, and a hundred plans of improvement to be arranged and matured. Nature, whom he loved, opened for him a page of wonderful illuminations. His lands stretched along a river valley unsurpassed in quiet beauty: full of still places where, shut in by the thick foliage of the wood from all inharmonious sights and sounds, one might sit, as it were, between two heavens, the one reaching far and blue above, the other mirrored in the smooth stream below.

It was in these years of self-contained and active restfulness—to use a seeming paradox—that Britton gathered strength for a very different after-life. But it is not of that after-life—striking its roots deeply into the foundations of society, and overarching so many burdened and sorrowful ones with its beneficent shadow—that my short story has to do.

Adjoining the Elms was the summer residence of the Gibsons, a family of little education or native refinement, who, having been suddenly made rich by speculation, devoted their best efforts to the task of maintaining an appearance becoming their wealth. Season by season Britton dreaded the opening of the house. The very presence of his neighbors, with their train of company, their showy dress, and boisterous mirth, seemed to hurt the simplicity of his own home. Mrs. Gibson, confusing her servants with contradictory orders, or scolding them for real or fancied remissness, little suspected that the tone in which she exercised her brief authority was itself a proof of her unfitness for the circles to which she aspired.

The familiar friendship of the master of the Elms was a good upon which her heart was set, and she plied poor Guy accordingly with her most transparent blandishments—he groaning in spirit, meanwhile, at her inability to see how utterly they were wasted.

Going, one day, to speak with Mr. Gibson on some business, Guy, as he came near the house, heard a voice singing. He could not distinguish the words, but the melody seemed familiar. He thought he must have heard it long ago, and as he listened the perplexed memory shaped itself into a vision of his mother rocking back and forth in the summer twilight, and singing him to sleep. His eyes grew moist with the rush of tender recollections, and still the sweet, thrilling voice sang on. Who could it be? Could such a voice belong to any inmate of that house? Impossible! And while he wondered the song ceased, and a face appeared for a moment at the window. He had just time to take it in at a glance—the delicate, high-bred features, informed throughout with a sad thoughtfulness; the large blue eyes half veiled by their dark lashes; the brown hair pushed back in wavy masses; the clear skin, its fairness heightened by the effect of the mourning-dress below.

The girl who answered Guy's ring showed him into the parlor, where Mr. and Mrs. Gibson sat over their lunch. Mrs. Gibson's face glowed with pleasure.

"My dear Mr. Britton, we're so glad to see you! Just to think," with a reproachful smile, "that you haven't been in before since we came down! Why, 'twas no more than yesterday that I was telling Mr. Gibson that I didn't believe there was a man living with more of a literary taste than Mr. Britton. It's a lovely trait of character, indeed, I said. But then there's a body's health to be thought of, and the claims of society, you know, Mr. Britton."

Guy found it quite impossible to resist the pressing invitation given him to lunch; and being seated, an unwilling victim, with plate and napkin on his knee, he was treated to a running fire of conversation.

"I heard some one singing very finely as I came in," said Guy, bringing in his short sentence by a dextrous flank movement.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gibson, delightedly; "that was Miss Deane, the new governess that I've got for the children. They do say that her voice is remarkable, and I'm glad to find you think so, Mr. Britton—so good a judge as you are; as I tell Mr. Gibson, 'What a genteel taste Mr. Britton has in every thing!' My children all have a taste for music—you ought to have heard Professor Grindelwald compliment Janetta's voice, Mr. Britton! And when I think how necessary it is that they should have the best teachers that money can procure I do feel that it's a real Providence to have found Miss Deane."

"Who is she, Mrs. Gibson?"

"Oh, she brought the very best of references, Mr. Britton. I make it a point never to take any one into my service"—emphatically—"that don't bring the very best of references. She came to me from the Hartsteins—you know the Hartsteins, Mr. Britton—one of the first families in the city. A minister her father was; she's an orphan. Her only fault is, that she's inclined to be a little above her business; but I sha'n't be troubled with that. As I tell Mr. Gibson, when I hire any body and pay them with my money I just give them to understand that they and their time belong to me."

There was a hardness underlying the smile on Mrs. Gibson's florid face as she spoke that made Guy shudder at its possible connection with the delicate, refined face at the window.

"Just walk into the music-room, Mr. Britton; I would admire to have you hear her."

"I hope I shall not intrude upon Miss Deane?" answered Guy, rising with some hesitation.

"Intrude?" Mrs. Gibson raised her eyebrows in surprise; "of course she will be pleased to do whatever I wish."

Lura Deane stood at the piano, patiently following the slow movements of little Flora Gibson's weary fingers over the keys.

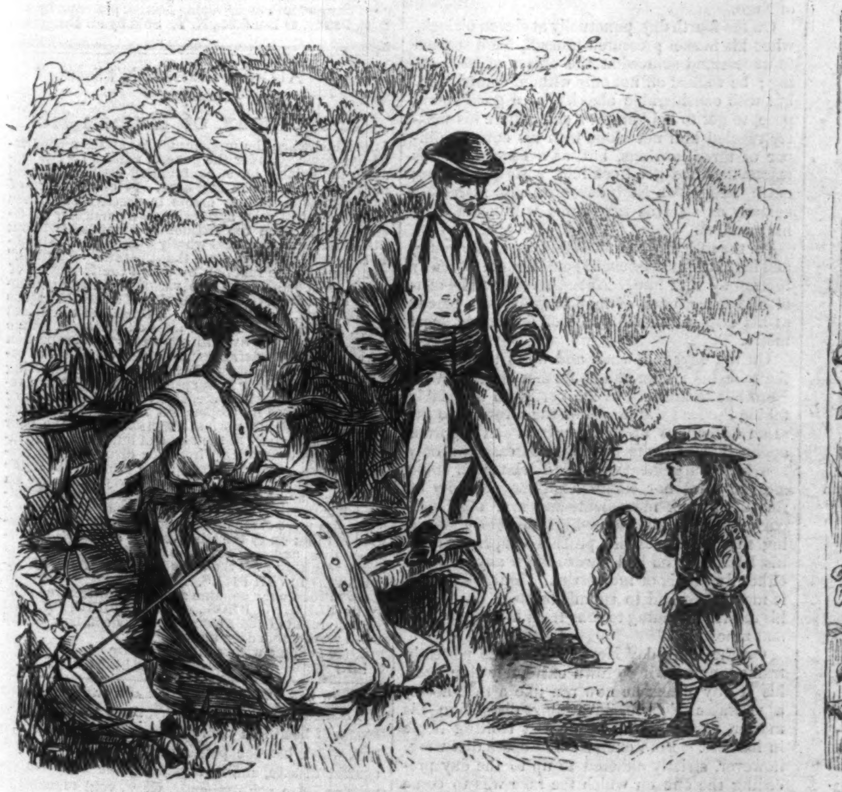
"Miss Deane," said Mrs. Gibson, imperiously, and without deigning any other introduction, "I want you to play and sing one of your very best pieces for my friend Mr. Britton."

Miss Deane's cheek flushed faintly as she returned Guy's bow, and sat down at the instrument. She struck a few chords and sang "The Captive Knight." At first, like Tennyson's Lelia, she "struck such warbling fury through the words" that Guy saw the gleam of spear and banner, heard the peal of the trumpet, and the rush and clamor of the host; then came the wild, impassioned longing of the captive, and at last the wail of despair over his dead hope of liberty.

Guy had never before been more profoundly stirred. This girl sang her very soul into her words. Such expression could not be mere art, he thought—it must be an outgrowth of her own experience.

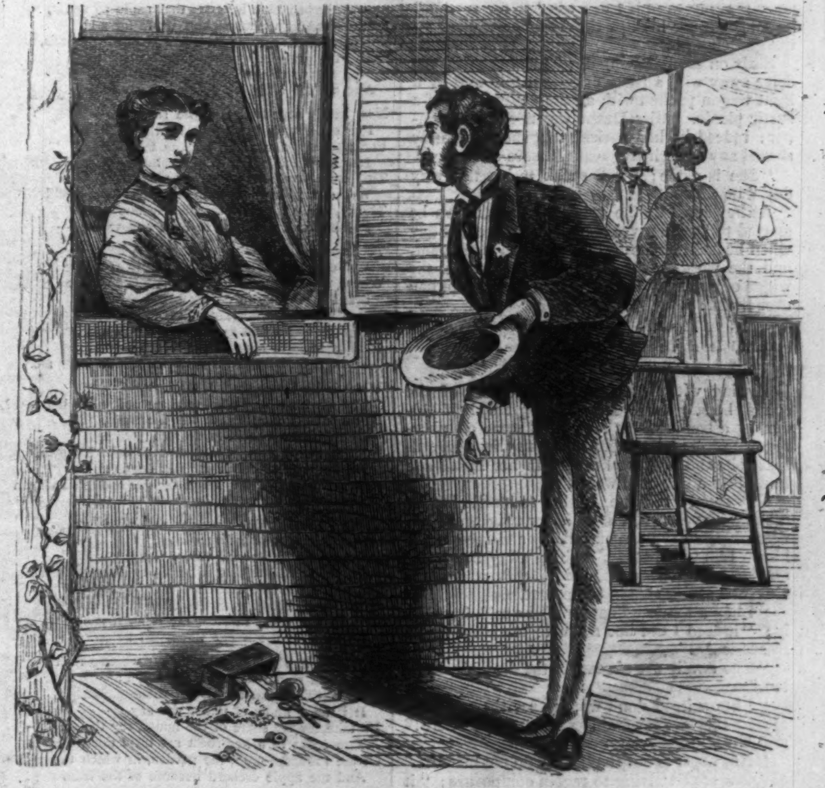
"You have given me a wonderful pleasure, Miss Deane," he said, in a low tone, as she finished; and Mrs. Gibson, in the full tide of voluble discourse, led the way from the room.

Sitting alone that evening in his pleasant library Guy was conscious of a vague sense of loneliness quite at variance with the soft light and warm coloring of the room. Miss Deane's face seemed to mingle itself indefinably with his unrest; and the words and melody he had heard sang themselves over and over in his memory. He rose and went out-of-doors, and looking over the hedge, saw her slender figure pacing slowly to and fro in the moonlight. She moved wearily, he fancied, and he thrilled with a longing to speak to her and comfort her. Some great sorrow had set its seal upon her face, he thought. Had not Mrs. Gibson called her an orphan? What a sad fate to be thrust out homeless into the great world



WHAT A MISTAKE.

AUNT. "Have you brought my Gloves, Polly?"
POLLY. "Yes, Aunty, and your Long Curl too, which was Lying on the Table."



A CRUEL TEST.

WIDOW GAY. "Ah! Mr. Fitzborus, is that you? Before you come in will you be so kind—I've dropped my Reticule out of the Window—if it's not too much Trouble, will you Pick it up for me, Please?"—(*Does he look as if he could?*)

—a nature so fine as hers must be subject to the coarseness and caprice of an employer like Mrs. Gibson! The very idea was revolting. Then there floated in a vision of a face like hers opposite him at his solitary meals, or beside his study-fire in the long winter evenings—a face from which all traces of sadness should be gone, and in their place the brightness of new hope and trusting love. But while he dreamed, an unconscious smile softening his features, the figure disappeared in the shadow of the tall mansion; and the voice of his housekeeper at his elbow broke the unwonted spell.

The next day he saw Miss Deane walking in the garden with the young Gibsons. He hoped she might come near enough for him to speak to her; but she did not seem to see him, busy with his pruning-scissors at the hedge. He could only look on from a distance, noting her graceful, quiet mien, and her gentle patience with the wayward children. Yet he found that, as time passed, even such transient glimpses had wonderful power to brighten his days. Occasionally there was a bow of recognition, a word or two of courteous commonplace—once a longer conversation, which charmed Guy by its revelation of a mind richly stored—no more than that until one evening, strolling down to the water's edge, he came suddenly upon Miss Deane, sitting with her port-folio on her lap, making a little sketch of the river and the opposite bank.

"Pray don't rise, Miss Deane. You sketch, I see."

"Only a little; I am quite untaught." She held out the unfinished penciling as she spoke.

Guy looked at it in the light. "You have a native aptitude in that direction, then," he said; "but if you will permit me a suggestion, I think I can show you a better position than this. Here, that group of trees hides from you one of the very finest points of the landscape, but just inside my gate is a rustic seat, from which the whole view opens up most charmingly. Will you come?"

Miss Deane accepted the invitation with unaffected pleasure, but scarcely was her paper adjusted again, under Guy's superintendence, before Mrs. Gibson appeared upon the river-path in front of them. Guy saw a look of surprised displeasure darken over the lady's face, and walked quickly to the gate, hoping to avert the rising storm.

"Walk in, Mrs. Gibson," he said, with his most winning smile, "you have not seen the view which I have had opened up through these pines. I have just persuaded Miss Deane to bring in her paper and pencil and make a sketch."

"Thank you, Mr. Britton, I haven't time just now." She looked at her watch, shutting the case with a spiteful snap. "Miss Deane, do you know that it's very near school time?"

"I will go in directly," was the quiet answer. "I must have mistaken the hour."

As the two walked away together Mrs. Gibson said, in a tone which, though not intended for his ears, Guy could not avoid overhearing, "Miss Deane, I never was more astonished in my life! Such boldness as this from a person in *my* employ! Going alone into a gentleman's grounds like that! Making a sketch indeed!"

The reply was inaudible. Guy flushed to his very finger-tips with anger, but reflecting that Miss Deane's mortification would doubtless be increased by the knowledge that he had heard the cruel words, he pressed back the indignant sentences that rose to his lips.

From the moment his resolution was taken. "She shall not long be subject to that woman's petty tyranny—not if I can win her for myself," he said, closing his lips tightly as he walked up the garden path.

Early on the following day he saw the Gibsons drive away with a party of guests, followed by a light wagon packed with all the equipments of a rustic picnic. Miss Deane was not of the number: indeed he had noticed that she very rarely shared any of their frequent pleasure excursions.

"She is alone; I will speak to her this very day," he thought.

As he passed up the avenue that afternoon he started to hear her voice again as on the first day when he had met her. He stood still a moment, and the words came floating to his ear on the wings of a melody sadder than any thing he had ever heard:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still!
Too late! Too late! ye can not enter now!"

Following with his eyes the direction of the sound, he saw her sitting on the grass, half hidden by a trellis which supported some clambering vine. The last note died away in a tremulous sob, and burying her face in her hands she burst into a spasm of weeping.

Guy stood irresolute, fearing to startle her by a sudden approach, but as a dry twig broke beneath his foot she turned quickly and recognized him. She rose hastily, dashing away her tears, and her face glowing with painful embarrassment. Guy was at her side in an instant.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said, hurriedly; "indeed I did not mean to come upon you so suddenly!"

"The family are absent for the day, Mr. Britton."

"I know it—I don't wish to see them. Miss Deane, they are miserably unkind to you here!" said Guy, impulsively.

"No, no, it is not that! they do not mean it," she answered, striving to regain composure; "it is because I am so utterly alone—alone! Believe me, I am not often so weak as this!"

"Oh, Miss Deane! if you would only take a place in my heart and home! Tell me that you will give me the right to guard and comfort you! Be my wife!"

Her face lit up for a brief moment with strange radiance, then the light passed and left her calm and pale.

"Mr. Britton," she said, "I need not tell you how totally unprepared I am for this. You do me a great honor—I thank you, but this can not be. You are not the man to be content in a marriage that had its origin in a mere sympathy, however noble; and forgive me that I say it, lonely and poor as I am, I should want more than that in my husband."

Guy would have interrupted her with passionate protestations, but she silenced him with quiet firmness.

"I am almost a stranger to you," were her parting words; "sometime you will thank me for what may seem now like rank ingratitude." She held out her hand with a sorrowful smile. Guy pressed it to his lips.

"Miss Deane," he said, "I don't wonder that my wretched abruptness has ruined my cause. Forgive it—and me. I am going away to-morrow, on urgent business. I shall be at home in a fortnight, then I shall ask you to answer me again."

The end of the fortnight brought Guy Britton back; but Lura Deane had been gone a week.

"I don't know where she went," said Mrs. Gibson, with something like a sneer, in answer to his anxious inquiry. "I didn't trouble myself to ask, and no references did she get from me either. The ungrateful piece! Wasn't her quarter finished, did you say? What if it was? She knew I depended on her. After all my kindness, too! It's always the way with such people; as I tell Mr. Gibson, I might have expected it!"

One Sabbath evening, two years later, Guy Britton walked up the broad aisle of a fashionable city church, and taking the seat which the usher gave him, leaned back against the cushions with half-closed eyes, listening to the soft, sweet prelude of the organist. Suddenly a single voice rose up strong and clear. Her voice! it must be hers! The wide world could not hold such another! Still soared the strain, above the fretted arches and the vaulted roof, aspiring, adoring—like the lark alone with the morning, or the eagle bathing his fearless head in the very sunlight of heaven!

Lura Deane, coming down the stairway of the orchestra, at close of service, saw Guy Britton waiting at its foot. There was no demonstrative greeting; to the by-standers they might have parted but the day before.

"Do you walk home?" he whispered.

"Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore," said Miss Deane, aloud, "you need not mind to go my way to-night—I have found a friend here."

She took his proffered arm, and they passed out into the lighted street.

"My weeks have been years," said Guy. "I have come for my answer."

She flashed one eager, questioning glance upon him, and as the lamplight shone full upon her face he saw it transfigured by a look that nothing but death would ever take away—a look of perfect love and trust and rest, the home-coming of an exiled soul.

A TRUE AGRARIAN.

THEY call me a vagrant—well, what if they do?
Am I any the worse because of the name?
Little difference it makes if they only knew
How a century hence 'twill be all the same—
All the same, whether rich or poor,
Gentleman, vagabond, knave, or fool;
Little of aught in this world we are sure;
Take all you can get—that's the safest rule.

This sunlight here in the grass at my feet,
The free wide air where the blithe birds call,
And the broad blue heavens that smile so sweet,
The Lord, as we name him, made for all;
But yon mansion there with the terraced grounds,
And the graveled garden closely walled,
Belong to the cove who just now passed,
And are his exclusive by right so called.

Now here's a paradox—so you see
I've something of learning by that word;
For, although a vagrant, I claim to be
Just a trifle above the vulgar herd—
This earth, my friend, you will not deny
Was made for all: yet this swell with his gold
These goodly acres all round may buy
For him and his heirs to have and to hold—

To have and to hold as pleases him best,
While I, by this path that leads to the gate
Where the twin stone lions are couched at rest,
Stand gazing down on his broad estate;
Not a blade of grass, not a leaf or flower,
Nor an apple that grows on a single tree,
Is mine to have except by his leave,
Though God made them all for him and for me.

What is he better than I, forsooth,
Though he rides in his carriage and takes his ease?
Not a whit, I say; for, to tell the truth,
I'm as free as he is to do as I please,
And, save in these grounds that he calls his own,
I may stroll wherever my footsteps tend;
Ah! the goods of this world by our creed 'tis shown
Are strangely parceled, my worthy friend.

There's a brook down yonder that winds along,
Sparkling out into fifty curves,
Sweetly singing its glad free song,
As hither and thither it gently swerves;
Under his window, curtained with lace,
The same brook murmurs with sweetest flow,
And all last night through my sleep it sang
As I lay in the hedge there just below.

So here's one thing, at least, that we two men
Have in common, this swell and I;
Lord of this broad estate, but then
It is all I know of under the sky.
I'll take, for my share of the house, say the whole—
Two cocks in a hen-roost my taste doesn't suit;
Of the grounds—well, the garden, in which to stroll,
And the apple orchard because of the fruit.

I'll divide in my turn—let's see—a knife
With a broken blade, and this bit of twine;
The first will answer to finish up life
If your morbid fancies that way incline.
Here's a fish-hook, too, and a crust of bread—
The crust I'll eat, the hook is for you.
There's the gardener coming this way, I see,
So I'll pull up stakes without further ado.

A RACE EXTRAORDINARY!

SOME years ago a race was run at the Hague, in Holland, which for its novelty excited more than ordinary interest. It was between a fast-trotting horse in harness and a full-grown *hog;* single heat—distance, six English miles—for a wager of one thousand guilders.

The circumstances which led to this unique trial of speed were as follows: At a sporting club at the Hague a young member of the club expatiated upon the beauty, symmetry, and extraordinary speed of a trotting horse he had that day purchased, expressing an eager desire to get up a match to prove the superior qualities of his horse. A gentleman, engaged in a hand at cards, but whose attention had been attracted by the ardent and impassioned remarks of the speaker, quietly remarked: "Come, Sir; don't be bragging so much about the swiftness of your horse, for I have a hog which, for a trifling wager, I would not hesitate to run against him." Peels of laughter greeted this strange proposal, to which—when partially subsided—the owner of "Grunty" quietly interposed: "Well, gentlemen, I now challenge to run my hog Nero against that gentleman's fast trotter in harness, one straight heat, six English miles, for one thousand guilders a side." "Done!" "Done!" was the eager response from many voices. "Provided," the challenger resumed, "that the horse carry two persons, and that fourteen days' time be allowed me for training my animal." "Agreed!" "Agreed!" resounded all round; for the joke was deemed too good and too novel to give it the go-by.

Preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, and the stakes deposited, it was agreed that the match should come off that day fortnight at 11 o'clock A.M. precisely; and the beautiful avenue leading from the Hague to the sea-shore at Scheveningen was selected as the course. The news of this extraordinary match for a trial of speed between a fast-trotting horse and a full-grown porker spread like wild-fire, and caused the most intense excitement, not alone in sporting circles, but among the people generally—all eager to see the fun. The day was anxiously looked for, and the training of Nero began.

On the first day poor Nero was starved; strict orders having been given by his owner that no one should feed him, himself alone attending to that matter. On the second day Nero was pretty sharp set, when, punctually at eleven o'clock, his master made his appearance. A rope was securely fastened to one of his hind-trotters, and his master drove him, with many a kick and forcible persuasion, all the way over the course to Scheveningen, where he fed him upon a scanty meal of two herrings, which Nero ravenously devoured; after which he had to trot it back to the Hague. It may be proper here to remark that the hog prefers fish to any other kind of food.

On the third day Nero felt perfectly ravenous, but he had to bide his time, and his master had to resort to the strictest hog-discipline to start him off when, at eleven o'clock, he presented himself to drive him over the course. After a liberal and energetic application of the booted foot, and a little loud and angry discussion between the respective parties, they arrived at their journey's end, where Nero was regaled with three herrings, being one extra, and which he dispatched voraciously in double-quick time, looking for more, but in vain. He was then, with much coaxing and kicking, persuaded to resume the return trip homeward, and which was safely accomplished, although not without considerable opposition, accompanied by vigorous squeeling and determined grunting on the part of Nero.

On the fourth day, punctually at eleven o'clock, when his master presented himself, Nero seemed to understand somewhat the object of his calling; he walked off not only without compulsion, but with considerable alacrity, at a good round pace, to get to his journey's end, where his master regaled him not alone with his coveted dinner of three herrings, but, as a reward for his tractability and good conduct, with one herring extra, and which Nero devoured with incredible velocity as soon as they came within reach of his grinders.

On the fifth day Nero was fully up to the game, and his master experienced considerable difficulty to keep up with him. At Scheveningen the usual allowance, now, of four herrings was placed at his disposal and disposed of by him in short metre.

On the days following, and up to the time of the race, his master had no further difficulty with Nero but to keep up with him; Nero invariably taking the lead; although on the return trips the same difficulties always recurred. A vigorous application of boots was in such case the only convincing argument with Nero, who never could see the point nor comprehend the necessity of this back-track movement, and ever obstreperously squeeled and grunted his objections, deeming this extra exercise probably superfluous to his health, as he had never shown any signs of either dyspepsia or indigestion. But, be that as it may, Nero had to submit to strict discipline, his master intending to thus train him up to fame and renown.

On the ninth day Nero had become perfectly trained, and having grown extremely thin upon his scanty meals he now ran like a race-horse, a veritable Eclipse, invariably distancing his master, who followed with a fast trotting horse in harness. Both exercise and spare diet were, however, strictly adhered to up to the day preceding the one on which the race was to come off. On that, the thirteenth day, as on the first day, poor Nero was again starved. At the usual hour of eleven his master appeared, but Nero was doomed to disappointment—no trot, no herrings on that day. With eager eye and impatient grunt he signified his desire to be released from his pen, but alas, it was not so to be; he had to submit to a day of fasting and prayer—or, at least, *pre*pare for the race.

On the fourteenth day both horse and hog appeared at the starting-post, eager for the race. It was a beautiful day, and the road was lined the entire distance, on both sides, with anxious and delighted spectators eager to see the sport. Punctually at eleven o'clock, at tap of drum, off they started, amidst shouts and hurrahs of the multitude. The first two miles were closely contested—it was emphatically a neck and neck race; but Nero, light as a feather (and having in his mind's eye, probably, his delectable meal), now fairly flew over the course, gradually leaving the horse behind, keeping the lead the entire distance. Amidst shouts and hurrahs, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the wildest excitement, he reached the ending-post, beating the horse by half a mile and winning the race triumphantly.

For this extraordinary performance Nero was rewarded with a pailful of herrings, which, having feasted upon to his heart's content, he waddled back to the Hague, in the care of his master, "the admired of all admirers." His master, pocketing the purse of one thousand guilders, generously spent one hundred guilders for Nero's portrait, and which is now preserved at the sportman's club at the Hague.

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Is Sorrow's antidote; their artless wiles
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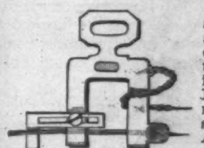

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